

State Normal Magazine

Vol. 6

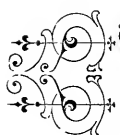
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MR. GEORGE FOSTER PEABODY,  
OUR BENEFactor.

# State Normal Magazine.

VOL. VI.

GREENSBORO, N. C., OCTOBER, 1901.

No. 1

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THE STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE is published quarterly, from October to June, by a Board of Editors elected from the Adelphian and Cornelian Literary Societies, under the direction of a Managing Editor, chosen from the Faculty.

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## BATH IN THE OLDEN TIMES, AND NOW.

MARTHA FOWLE WISWALL.

Just two hundred and eight years ago, on a fresh April afternoon, a little vessel might have been seen sailing up the Pamlico river. Many long and weary weeks have passed since its passengers bade farewell to their beloved France, the land of their birth. Driven from their homes and friends by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, these Huguenots sought refuge across the waters, where they might pay homage to their God in the way which seemed to them best—without human interference. Weary now with the long voyage, they rejoice to see so fair a land about them, and to think that ere this sun has set, they will have come to the end of their journey. As the south-east wind fills the sails of their little craft and momentarily blows them nearer the home long

hoped for, every eye is keenly watching for some good harbor, some place where a weary wanderer may find rest. Soon they see a little creek, and passing this, they come to another and larger one, which broadens into a bay as it joins the river. Between these there lies a strip of land, scarce half a mile in width, the white sands glistening on the shores, and the gentle waves caressing them.

Picture to yourself this fair land, clothed in fresh brightness of the spring, with soft, hazy blue skies above it, with dancing, sparkling blue waters round it. "Here is the place for our city," cried they all, "here, where we may feel God's presence in sky and earth and waters." So here they landed, on the north bank of the Pamlico river, nearly thirty miles from its mouth; and before darkness had settled over them, they had pitched their rude tents close to the banks of the stream.

How good it was to stand on firm earth once more, to see the tender violets under foot, and catch the mingled scent of wild honeysuckle and yellow jasmine wafted to them by the gentle winds. When night had come, the moon rose and shed her silvery beams over land and water. In front of them lay a gleaming sea of molten silver, darkened near the shores by the reflection of the trees; and here and there, through the scattered clumps of trees behind them, they caught glimpses of another glistening stream—the little creek they had passed. All was still, save the little mocking bird, who wished to share with sky and land and waters the joy of welcoming those who had come to dwell there.

Immediately these weary travelers begun to till the fertile soil, to provide for future needs; and autumn found them well settled in their new home—a happy and prosperous colony.

Twelve years after this, in 1705, a large number of colonists came to join their lives and lots with those first settlers of the banks of the Pamlico; and in the same year, the little village, under the name of Bath, obtained its charter. For six years the town grew and thrived; then a dark cloud came over it.



On the night of September 11, 1711, the cruel and treacherous Tuscaroras fell upon the colonists in great numbers. In that one night they slew two hundred souls, and not satisfied even then, for three days kept up their bloody work. Those settlers who escaped the first terrible night fortified a point on the river, and thus some lives were saved. This spot, now known as Garrison Point, they called Fort Reading.

Before this massacre, there were many rich and influential families in Bath, among them, the Nevilles, Roulhacs, Ormonds, Peytons, Maules, and Bonners. But in that single night, whole families were destroyed, the Nevilles among them. In 1715, the Indians again made an attack upon the settlers, but the latter were better able to defend themselves, and so less harm was done.

About this time, a severe storm almost closed the inlet to Albemarle Sound, and opened the Ocracoke inlet. So it was thought that all the traffic with England, the Northern States, and the West Indies would come through this inlet, into Pamlico Sound; and it seemed probable that Bath, at the head of the sound, would profit by the trade, and one day become a large city. So about 1714, Governor Eden purchased an estate of six hundred acres in this region, giving to it the name of "Thistledown." There is still standing in Bath, a house, which, tradition says, was his. It is a two-story house, and looks little different from many more modern dwellings. But, if we approach it from the rear, a little window attracts our attention, not from any peculiarity of its own, but on account of its position. It seems to look out directly from the chimney; upon inquiry, however, we find that in the chimney—which is of huge dimensions—there is a closet, and the window looks out from the closet.

At the time of Governor Eden's residence there, another distinguished man made Bath his headquarters. This was Pirate Teach, better known, perhaps, as "Blackbeard." He ravaged the coast of North Carolina for many years, unmolested by the law, which was so slow to take notice of him that its chief executor, Gover-

nor Eden, was even accused of being his accomplice. This highwayman of the seas had several ships under his command, the largest of which, "Queen Anne's Revenge," bore one hundred and fifty men and forty cannon. Though long unmolested, Teach finally received his reward. Lieutenant Robert Maynard, hearing that he was near Ocracoke, went in search of him. He found him, and a bloody hand-to-hand conflict ensued, in which Teach and most of his men were slain. The nine remaining were tried and hung. Teach's head was cut off, and the story goes at Ocracoke that it swam around Maynard's ship three times; but the less imaginative say that the victor had the head of the vanquished nailed to his ship's prow, as a trophy.

Blackbeard had a house in Bath, and from it was an underground passage to a hidden spot on the river, where his ships landed. To keep his gold safe, he buried it along the banks of the river; and some people think it is there yet. At any rate, a pot of gold was plowed up a few years ago, on a river-shore farm. The money was chiefly Spanish coins, and amounted to about three hundred dollars. Since then the shores have been searched for some distance around, but no more gold has been found.

It seems that Bath was never noted for its religious zeal—it certainly is not at the present day. Yet it was at times blessed with ministers, and some of its inhabitants were wise enough to see the need of them, for in an old Colonial Record, we find a petition to the "Royal Society for the Promotion of the Gospel," for the sum usually given to aid in the support of preachers, saying that, if any region needed preaching, that one did.

When George Whitfield visited the place, about 1740, he was not received. The people did not repent at his preaching, and when he left, he shook the dust from his feet, saying, "Even the dust of your streets, which cleaveth unto me, I do wipe of against you." Many believe that it is because of this curse that Bath has never since prospered.

In 1725, an Episcopal Church was built, and this, the second oldest church in the state, was called St. Thomas, and was dedicated in 1734, which date is inscribed on a tablet of stone over the door. The bricks were brought from England, and Queen Anne herself gave the bell. The last time I visited the old church, the brick floor, the box pews—high and hard, the curious old pulpit were all as they had been over a century and a half ago. Ivy clung to the walls, and here and there, an over-inquisitive spray would peep through the cracks—as if to watch the services. But the oddest thing in all the church is an old tomb. A lady was buried under the floor, just at the right of the pulpit, and on the wall, as if on a tomb-stone, is her epitaph. It reads thus: “Here lyes the Body of Mistress Margaret Palmer, wife of Robert Palmer, Esq., One of His Majesty’s Council and Surveyor General of the Lands of this Province who departed this life Octr. 19. 1765, Aged 44 years After laboring ten of them under the feverest Bodily Afflictions brought on by Change of Climate, and tho’ She went to her Native Land receiv’d no relief and return’d and bore them with uncommon Refolution and Refignation to the last.” Another quaint inscription is:

“ He was an honest man.  
The sweet remembrance of the just  
Shall flourish, when he sleeps in dust.”

Within the last half-century the members of this church have had the bell re-cast. It was cracked, to be sure, and could no longer call the worshippers to service, but they might have gotten a new bell for that, and kept this token of queenly favor just for old time’s sake—kept it just as it was, and prized it the more for the crack. But now, the inscription is no longer there, the bell is no longer the same—although made from the same material. New things are good, no doubt better in many respects than the old, but let us not lose interest in the old, all reverence for it, just because it is old.

About 1735, another terrible storm opened the inlet to Albemarle Sound, and almost closed the one at Ocracoke. Thus Bath's trade, which had never been as large as was expected, began to diminish; she was no longer the seaport of Carolina; few new people came; many of the best families moved away; and the once busy and prosperous town became a dull and unimportant village, while Edenton, at the head of Albemarle Sound, grew apace—benefited by her sister town's misfortune. But, though Governor Johnston resided in Edenton, which was then the capital of the state, he did not forget Bath, and once he held an Assembly there.

Now that the tide of business was turned into another channel, many of the people of Bath, not having enough work to occupy their time and thoughts, took to drink, which made them forgetful alike of past prosperity and of future possibility. Yes, there is no doubt that there has been a curse upon the old town for many, many years; but whether it is Whitfield's curse, or the curse of whiskey, or both, is not so certain. But the years will tell, for recently, a law has been passed prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors within three miles of the town limits; so, if whiskey has been the curse, now it is removed, Bath may hope for greater prosperity in the future than she has ever had in the past.

The main street of the town runs parallel with the larger creek, and only far enough from it for one row of houses to come between; and at the back of the town, the yards slope down to the shores of the smaller creek, mentioned above. Both these streams are spanned by bridges—the larger one, by a draw-bridge. The old Episcopal Church is still in use, and within the last few years, the Methodists have erected another, which, in its appointments, contrasts strongly with its ancient sister. There is no graded school in the place—only a common public school, and that no better than those in the most out-of-the-way country places. But there are some improvements; steamers and sailboats ply the river between Washington, Bath and Newberne; trade is increasing; a

daily mail and telephone have come, and even a railroad is talked of.

And now let us hope that this little village of the olden times, unfettered by "the want, the care, the sin, the faithless coldness of the times," may ere long hear the death-knell of the curse of by-gone days changed to "happy bells" which shall

"Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

. . . . .  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

## WHEN GEORGE WASHINGTON VISITED THE BRETHREN.

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MARY WILEY.

When good Bishop Spandenberg was sent to find a suitable place for the Moravian Brethren to settle in North Carolina it is said that when he reached what is now Forsyth county he declared that this was the corner which the Lord had preserved for the Brethren, for as yet the white man had seized for his habitation only the lowlands of the East, and had left in undisturbed possession of the redskin the great hill country to the Westward. As yet this vast upland region remained uncultivated, save here and there in plats of rich, warm earth, where the luxuriant maize sprang up with little care of husbandry. Only the bold hunter had ventured beyond the confines of civilization into this wild region, where roamed vast herds of buffalo, where bears, wolves, and panthers abounded, and where savage and hostile Indians dwelt secure in the mountain fastnesses of their native land.

But He who made this fair land, with its rolling woodlands and fertile, well-watered meadows, its healthy climate and countless springs of pure water, left it not to be a dreary wilderness—"the home only of wild beasts and of wilder men." His Spirit moved the hearts of a gentler race of men and made them turn their longing eyes toward this very land.

Perchance the keen eyes of some savage chief, looking down from the craggy peaks of the Blue Ridge, rested upon this little band of Moravian Brethren, as they left the bounds of civilized man and pressed forward into the unknown regions of the great Southwest. Perchance, with jealous rage, he watched them "plant their banners of peace amongst his warlike people and cover the wilderness with their harvests of plenty."

In this enterprise, however, the Brethren were not influenced by motives of worldly gain. Believing that God had called them to

spread His Gospel o'er all the earth, they gladly entered in at this door, which He Himself had opened, nor counted the difficulties nor dangers that beset them on every side.

They were alone in the vast wilderness, far beyond the sound of a friendly voice or the reach of a helping hand. To obtain even the necessities of life they had to make long and perilous trips, and by crooked Indian paths bring their supplies from the banks of the Dan, or even from more distant settlements in Virginia.

But the Brethren were not men to be easily discouraged. They had within themselves the power to withstand hardships. They were industrious and frugal; moreover, men of education and religion. Since their Church required that each man should know some trade, they had in all their colonies skilled mechanics and practical farmers. They considered honest labor no disgrace, and even their ministers thought it not beneath their dignity to help clear the ground or even to follow the plow if necessary. What wonder, then, that success followed their efforts, and in a remarkably short time they had planted their corner and were reaping the rewards of their labor. Throughout North Carolina the influence of their industry and character was felt, and Salem, their capital town, soon became a centre of trade and enterprise.

Of a type distinctively Moravian, Salem stands out in bold relief from the ordinary village of North Carolina. Counting their Church as the source of all good, the Brethren first thought of building their capital town in the form of a circle, the Church forming the centre and the various streets radiating from it. But the land proved unsuited for this. Salem was built on another plan, so unique that since the days when Governor Josiah Martin "was irresistibly detained (there) beyond his intentions" to the time, some twenty years later, when George Washington visited the Brethren, it never failed to attract visitors.

In the heart of the town lay the Square, closed about with various religious houses; the Gemein Haus, which served as the church and also as the parsonage; the Single Sisters' House, the home of

all unmarried sisters over fourteen, and the Brethren's House, where the unmarried men lived together as one large family. No intercourse was allowed between the inmates of the two choir-houses, and when the time came for them to marry a contract was arranged by their elders, often without the parties themselves being personally acquainted. Below the Gemein Haus a beautiful avenue of cedars led to the quiet God's Acre, while along the "main" street, running parallel to the avenue, stood the homes of the people, somber, tile-covered houses, with steep roofs coming far down in front and forming porches over the narrow, cobblestoned sidewalks.

Beneath the quaintly-columned porches, low, wide doors, cut in half, opened straight upon the street, and rows of little windows gave glimpses within of low-beamed, thick-walled rooms, prim and staid, like the Brethren themselves, and spotlessly clean. Gay patches of garden, hedged about with box and blossoming with sweet, old-fashioned flowers, separated the houses one from another, and gave a bright setting to the otherwise somber little town.

When it became known that George Washington was to visit the Brethren, as he came up from the South on his way to Governor Martin's (in May, 1791), all was bustle and excitement in Salem. For a day nothing was heard but the sound of the broom and the mop, while streams of water pouring upon the sidewalks from the high-perched porches above gave warning that the already spotless houses were being scoured from attic to cellar. When the scrubbing was done, there followed days of baking, when the great brick ovens turned out cakes, pies, and sugarbread, till it seemed that Washington's whole army was to be fed; when dozens of spring chickens were killed; home-cured hams and strings of sausage brought out from the smoke-houses; and the grease-pots on the swinging cranes were fairly bubbling over with good things.

On the day when Washington was expected great crowds of people came from the back country, till the streets of the village were thronged as on some market day, and the lively chatter of English-speaking tongues broke the Sabbath stillness of the place.



When at last, in coach-and-four, Washington came riding up the "old Salisbury road," escorted by a party of chosen Brethren, the enthusiasm of the crowd knew no bounds. Everyone was eager to greet the one who had done so much for his country, and village folk and stranger alike thronged the narrow way to catch a glimpse of him as he alighted at the tavern. Even the Single Sisters crowded the windows of their secluded abode, and for once in their lives gazed unrebuked upon the face of man; while on every side were sturdy lads, doffing their caps and bowing, and little maids quaintly dropping courtesies, all silenced with awe at beholding so wonderful a man. In truth, we are told of one little lad who stared so hard that the great Washington exclaimed, "Why, I'm nothing but a man, my lad!"

Thus, for a moment, Washington stood on the wide veranda of the tavern, courteously acknowledging the kindly welcome of the people, and inwardly wondering at their quaint ways.

For two days Washington was the guest of the Brethren, and nowhere was he treated with greater courtesy than in quaint old Salem. Indeed, the Brethren considered it a great honor that Washington should visit their town, and the memory of his visit has been handed down from father to son through all these years. Should it ever be your privilege to visit the Brethren no doubt they will tell you all about this memorable occasion; how their forefathers welcomed Washington in French, as he seemed to understand that language better than German; how, in the same language, Washington replied to their address, saying in truth that "from a society whose governing principles are industry and the love of order much may be expected towards the government of the country in which their settlements are formed, and experience authorizes the belief that much will be obtained."

They will take you to the old tavern where Washington was entertained. In that day it was not only the customary resort of the Brethren after their day's work was done, but far and wide it was sought by travelers, for the Church owned the tavern and

made the keeper of it live up to his written "agreement" to treat all travelers in a kind and obliging way; give them good entertainment, and suffer no rioting of any kind. They will show you the great beam in the public room, and tell you how so many visitors thronged "the President's room" overhead; that after he left the Brethren had to put up that beam to support his room. They will lead you through the broad, wide-planked hall upstairs into the very room Washington slept in, and from the small, deep-seated windows will point to a quaint old house across the street where his reception room was. Perhaps they will tell you just here of the serenade the church trombonists gave him the first night he stayed in Salem, and of the little girl who played on the spinet for him; how he was more interested in a wart on her finger, though, than in her music, and offered to conjure it off.

They will show you the store just opposite "the Square" that was in successful operation when Washington visited Salem, and will proudly tell you that in those days this was the only store in Wachovia, and that settlers came from miles around to trade with it, for its goods were imported partly from Europe; and not only that, but it found a ready market in Germany and in England for its dressed deer skins, and did such a flourishing business that the present church edifice is said to have been built with the profits of it (for in those days the Church carried on all the business of the Brethren).

Should you wonder at the venerable school-buildings surrounding "the Square", the Brethren will tell you that they were not standing when Washington visited Salem; but that the right training of the young has always been an object to which the Brethren paid great attention; and that when Salem was a mere village, struggling for its very existence, a school for little girls was opened (1773) in the Gemein Haus by the Single Sisters, and that the teacher of this, the forerunner of the now famous Salem Female Academy, received as her salary 12½ cents a week. The boys of Old Salem had even better advantages than the girls, for they were

regularly instructed in reading, writing, German, and English, cyphering, history, geography, Latin, drawing, and music; this, too, at a time when the youths of North Carolina, even in more thickly-settled localities, were barely taught the three R's in the old field schools.

The Old Boys' School of Salem is now used as a museum, and, no doubt, when you visit the Brethren they will take you there and show the little fire-engine Washington saw, and which, even before he visited Salem, did such faithful service; the old wooden printing-press, in use long before the Revolutionary War; the old stone pipes through which the water was conducted into Salem from a spring outside and distributed to the Brethren in such an admirable way that Washington was deeply impressed; and many other things that will set you wondering, like Washington, at the enterprise of the Brethren in providing for themselves so many of the comforts and conveniences of life that even the dwellers in cities knew nothing of.

Indeed, you will see how it was by their industry, patience, and economy the Brethren reclaimed their wild corner, and caused it to become even the centre of education in Piedmont Carolina, of religion, of enterprise, and of trade.

Perhaps so far as North Carolina is now concerned, the Brethren have fulfilled their mission, but what they accomplished in the past can never be told, and North Carolina today owes a debt to them that is as lasting as time itself.

Truly, the good hand of the Lord was in all the ways of our beloved State, in that He preserved a corner of it for the Brethren, and led them forth to possess it.

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR.

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IDA WHARTON.

Often we have read, and observed, that great men, after sorrow or misfortune, or in old age, have chosen to quit society and city life, to transplant themselves to the country and there spend the remainder of their days. "God made the country, and man made the town." On the happy farms Nature is at her best, and her sons and daughters are at liberty to mature and to unfold, to think, to feel, to see, to know. Here a society may be produced to be an uplift and an honor to the nation. Among the country people, more than anywhere else, we find contentment, which is the keynote to happiness, and poets say that "the happy only are truly great."

Some think that the extreme poverty often found in the country lessens happiness; but not so, for there are no sharp, humiliating contrasts to set poverty in strong lights, and cause the iron to enter the soul. Here strong characters are formed, for the lack of culture among the poor there is also a lack of many vices, and a scorn for them. Gossip and envy do not thrive here, for the population is too sparse for one person to be intensely interested in another's affairs. Among their virtues is sincerity. As one author expresses it, "They kiss not where they wish to kill; they feign not love where most they hate."

These thoughts about country living and country thinking cause us to consider those characters who stand out pre-eminently in rural life. They are the preacher, the teacher, and, above all, the doctor. It seems that each is necessary for the happiness of the people; but it is the doctor who does the most for mankind, and he it is who gets a big share of love from his people. Truly has one written of the country doctor, "Nobody else sees the people as they are and finds so many chances to help poor humanity. The decorations and descriptions of character must fall away before the

great realities of pain and death. The secrets of many hearts and homes must be told to this confessor, and sadder ailments than medical books mention are brought to be healed by the beloved physician. Teachers of truth and givers of the laws of life—priests and ministers—all these professions are joined in one with the gift of healing, and each of them is a part of the charge a good doctor holds in his keeping.” He is spiritual as well as medical adviser, and works for the upbuilding of his community.

As the country doctor, sun-burned and rough in appearance, rides along on his old horse, or in his buggy, often the wheels singing a song to the time of the horse’s hoof-beats, you can see at each farm house window the ruddy faces of children, smiling on their doctor, and for none other than himself would the old woman leave work and hurry to the door to make an old-fashioned courtesy and whisper a hearty “God bless you.”

Long ago, as a youth, he came from college with his diploma, and has grown up among his people. He knows the names and history of the occupants of every house he passes. The farmer lads pull off their hats, and the girls smile and bow at his approach.

Sunshine and rain, daylight and darkness, are alike to him. He would ride for miles on the darkest night, over the roughest road, in a pelting storm, to administer a dose of calomel to an old woman, or to attend a child in a fit; and often his saddlebags are the only drug store within miles. He is a man dear to all the country around; his work is one of patience and his labor one of love; he responds with such readiness to the call of the suffering poor; and who is more gentle or more considerate with the aged than he?

Who receives less material return for his services? There is a financial side to his life, but he sees very few dollars; and, certainly, in his work of relieving the suffering, it is not the dollar forever floating before him, but the goodness of his heart and pride in his profession that spur him on. He wins appreciation and affection, although the visible returns appear not to prove it. He has sat by the baby’s crib, the big, gentle hand on the pulse, the great, kindly

face bent over the tiny form, bathing, soothing, watching, praying for the precious life. He wins the victory over disease. The little one is given back to the mother's yearning arms. She has no words; she has no money; she has what is better, for in that little home fervent prayers ascend to the Father's throne for the blessings upon the head of him who has brought blessings to her loved ones. Then she goes about to find some token of her gratitude. What is there in the poor home? The doctor must have the best—a pint of cream, a basket of eggs. But, can gold or silver pay him more richly?

By his rough appearance we should not judge his nature and ability, for usually he is a man of culture. He has time to think and to study Nature's laws, and to what higher authority can one appeal? In short, he is the most efficient man in the community, and results show that it is quite often as safe to trust him as the more pretentious city doctor, with whom deep personal interest is often lacking.

There is no wider field for intellectual and physical development than the life of a country doctor. By healing aches and relieving pains he works his way into the heart, and makes such intimate acquaintance with all the members of every household, that he knows their thoughts and motives. By a word in season, here and there, which is often more kindly received from him than from anyone else, he lifts them to higher ideals.

No one fails to recognize his noble calling. Artists have placed him on canvas. Men of letters have made him their hero. In Balzac's novel, "A Country Doctor," we find not only a man who has successfully practiced his profession, but one who has almost made the little village in which he labored. He taught the people thrift, industry, and happiness. When the doctor long afterwards tells the story of his life, we learn that great affliction has caused him to seek this out-of-the-way place. He chose the life of a physician as that which would best enable him to live nobly.

Ian MacLaren in his "Doctor of the Old School," William

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MacLure, has given us one of the strongest and most beautiful characters of all literature. For forty years he went in and out among his people, a typical country doctor. His last words and thoughts were of his people, and his dying charge to Drumsheugh, in which he remembered the poor, the sick, also his successor, appeals to every heart. Drumsheugh's prayer for his dying friend is beautiful in its application, not only to William MacLure, but to many another humble country doctor. "Almighty God, dinna be hard on Welum MacLure, for he's no been hard wi' onybody in Drumtochty. . . . Be kind tae him, as he's been tae us a' for forty year . . . we're a' sinners afore Thee. Forgive him what he's dune wrang an' dinna cist it up tae him. . . . Mind the fouk he's helpit . . . the weeman and bairnies . . . a' gie him a welcome hame, for he's sair needn't after a' his wark."

His funeral reproduces that of many other country doctors, for he, like many another, gave the sublime proof of greatness; he lay down his life for his friends.

In earth's Book of Fame, wherein men write the name, the humble country doctors may not be found; but in Heaven's Book of Gold, wherein we are told the Angel writes the names of those that love and serve their fellowmen, shall we not behold his name lead all the rest?

## TWO OPEN FIELDS FOR INVESTMENT IN THE SOUTH.

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(President McIver's address before the Southern Educational Conference at Winston-Salem.

The supreme question in civilization is education. From the standpoint of communities, states and nations education is an effort to preserve and transmit to posterity the best that we can see and know and be and do. Sometimes we think it is a pity that a good man who has learned to be of service to his fellows should be called out of the world. So sometimes we may think about an enterprising and useful generation; but, after all, the generations of men are but relays in civilization's march on its journey from savagery to the millennium. Each generation owes it to the past and to the future that no previous worthy attainment or achievement, whether of thought or deed or vision, shall be lost. It is also under the highest obligation to make at least as much progress on the march as has been made by any generation that has gone before. Education is simply civilization's effort to propagate and perpetuate its life and its progress.

### UNIVERSAL EDUCATION.

The demand for universal education does not imply, as some seem to think, that all people are to be educated alike, or that education will make all equally intelligent or cultured or skilled. It does mean, however, that there is not a human being who ought not to have a fair chance in the period of childhood and youth to learn to read easily and with some understanding and appreciation the thought of the world as contained in its standard and current literature. It means that every child should have an opportunity, for a few years at least, to come in daily contact with a teacher of character, ambition and power. It means that every youth should have an opportunity to measure his mental powers in comparison with the mental powers of his fellows, and that he should thus be



aided in discovering the work for which he is best fitted, and then that he should have special training for that work.

#### THE HANDICAP OF ILLITERACY.

The first step in any kind of education, industrial, literary or professional, is learning to read. I have heard people talk as if industrial education were possible for illiterate people. Just as well talk of a law school or medical college for illiterates. Machinery has entered all industrial life and modern machinery, to say nothing of the demands of citizenship, calls for trained and intelligent operatives. The fact is there is no comfortable place in civilization for men and women who cannot read and write, and the instances today of extraordinary successes among illiterate people are rarer than genius itself. In a state or section where one-third of the population above ten years of age cannot read and write, the removal of that handicap is the first public question with which Christian benevolence and statesmanship must deal.

#### WHOM SHALL WE CALL TO TEACH?

In this view of the case it is impossible to overstate the necessity for raising in the public mind the standard of qualification of those who are to teach the children. The public school teacher, if properly qualified, is our most important public official. Those who teach the young are civilization's most powerful agents, and society everywhere ought to set apart and consecrate to its greatest work its bravest, its best, its strongest men and women. The teacher is the seed corn of civilization, and none but the best is good enough to use.

A higher standard of teaching, of course, calls for a higher standard of compensation. Teachers are no better because the people do not desire better teachers. On the streets of the cities of some of the southern states untrained and unskilled laborers, some of them illiterate, are paid \$1.25 a day and perhaps more.

This is more than the average public school teacher in the south is paid. I do not say that it is too much. I use it merely for the sake of comparison. From the standpoint of net pecuniary compensation cotton pickers and tobacco stemmers have been paid better than public school teachers; and skilled mechanics almost everywhere receive better compensation than the trainers of the young. Skilled mechanics in Philadelphia, New York and Boston are probably better paid than the public school teachers of those cities. I repeat, I do not think that the compensation of the former class is too great, but the person who builds citizens and shapes the character and thought of the young is worth more to society than the man who builds houses and molds iron.

#### COUNTING THE COST.

Education is expensive, but the need of this hour is a number of educational evangelists with sufficient courage, eloquence, logic, and power to convince the people of the profound truth that ignorance and illiteracy cost more than education.

#### IDEAS VERSUS ACRES.

It is very difficult for a rural people to discard the primitive notion that land is the only real estate. They are slow to see that in a civilized country the value of land and land products is not so great as the value of mind and mind products—that brain is better property than land and that ideas and inventions multiply a thousandfold the natural products of the earth.

Ideas are worth more than acres, and the possessors of ideas will always hold in financial bondage those whose chief possession is acres of land.

The statistics of the Patent Office, showing as they do where ideas are most abundant, are at once a tribute to the worth of universal education, and account in a measure for the accumulation of wealth in one section of the country.

In proportion to population more patents were issued to citizens of Connecticut than to those of any other state—1 to every 933 inhabitants. Next in order are the following: Massachusetts, 1 to every 1,428; Rhode Island, 1 to every 1,584; New Jersey, 1 to every 1,594; District of Columbia, 1 to every 1,694; Montana, 1 to every 1,723; Oklahoma, 1 to every 1,819; New York, 1 to every 1,825; Colorado, 1 to every 1,865; California 1 to every 1,951. The fewest patents granted in proportion to the number of inhabitants were in the following states: South Carolina, 1 to every 23,982; North Carolina, 1 to every 22,787; Mississippi, 1 to every 18,964; Alabama, 1 to every 18,914, and Georgia, 1 to every 17,333.

To escape general poverty and to secure the other blessings of education we must invest more money in the training of those who will teach our schools and we must invest more in their salaries.

The betterment of the public schools in the rural districts is our supreme need, and investment in that field will yield a hundredfold harvest.

#### THE MOTHER'S EDUCATION THE STRATEGIC POINT IN THE EDUCATION OF THE RACE.

But there is a greater teacher than the school-teacher. The ideals of our civilization come from our homes. Need it be asked who make our homes, who develop their ideals, who determine their intellectual and moral atmosphere? The wife and mother is the priestess in humanity's temple and presides at the fountain head of civilization. She is the natural teacher of the race, and what is learned from her is greater and more important than all that is taught in schools, colleges and universities.

There is not a teacher who cannot, on the first day of school, select the children of cultured mothers, though the same is not always true of the children of cultured fathers. Moreover, all the work that the teacher can do cannot supply what is lost by the child's daily association with an uneducated and uncultured mother.

Women necessarily propagate whatever education they have. No state or country which will once educate its mothers need have any fear about future illiteracy except from immigration. An educated man may be the father of illiterate children, but the children of educated women are never illiterate. Outside the cities, probably three-fourths of all the educated women spend a part of each day educating their own children, or the children of others, whereas, three-fourths of the educated men spend a very short time daily with their own children, to say nothing of educating them.

Money invested in the education of a man is a good investment, but the dividend which it yields is frequently confined to one generation and is of the material kind. It strengthens his judgment, gives him foresight, teaches him to be orderly and law-abiding, and makes him a more productive laborer in any field of activity. It does the same thing for a woman, but her field of activity is usually in company with children, and, therefore, the money invested in the education of a woman yields a better *educational* dividend than that invested in the education of men. It is plain, therefore, that the state and society, for the sake of their present and future educational interest, ought to decree that for every dollar spent by the government, state or federal, and by philanthropists in the training of men, at least another dollar shall be invested in the work of educating womankind.

If it be claimed that woman is weaker than man, then so much the more reason for giving her at least an equal educational opportunity with him. If it be admitted, as it must be, that she is by nature the chief educator of children, her proper training is the strategic point in the education of the race. If equality in culture be desirable, and if congeniality between husbands and wives after middle life be important, then a woman should have more educational opportunities in youth than a man; for a man's business relations bring him in contact with every element of society, and, if he have fair native intelligence, he will continue to grow intellectually

during the active period of his life, whereas the confinements of home and the duties of motherhood allow little opportunity to a woman for any culture except that which comes from the association with little children. This experience of living with innocent children is a source of culture by no means to be despised, but how much better would it be for the mother and the father and the children, if the mother's education in her youth could always be such as would enable her in after life to secure for herself and her children that inspiration and solace which come from familiarity with the great books of the world.

George Peabody, when making the first gift to his native town of Danvers, Massachusetts, now Peabody, proposed as his toast at a banquet, the well-known sentiment which appears on the Peabody medals: "Education—A debt due from present to future generations." The cheapest, easiest, and surest, if not the only way, to pay this debt is to educate those who are to be the mothers and teachers of future generations.

Oliver Wendell Holmes spoke a proverb when he said that a man's education should begin one hundred years before he is born. Certainly the education of the people in any cultured community must have begun at least a generation before they were born.

In spite of the conditions to which I have referred, and which no well-informed person will attempt to disprove, the sad, strange fact remains, that while the male population of the United States is a million larger than the female population, yet the latter furnishes the larger number of illiterates by more than 300,000.

In a few New England and western states there is a smaller percentage of illiteracy among women than among men, but in every southern state the percentage of female illiterates is considerably larger than that of the male illiterates. In North Carolina this excess is about 40,000. These figures include only persons above ten years of age.

In the South Atlantic States, including Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina,

South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, there are 129,000 more illiterate women than illiterate men, and in the South Central states the excess is 121,000. This large excess of illiteracy, 250,000, is not due entirely, as some may conclude, to the great illiteracy among negro women. In North Carolina, for instance, where the white female population is only 10,000 more than the white male population, the census gives 22,000 more white female illiterates than white male illiterates. The excess of white female illiterates in Tennessee is also about 20,000. In Virginia the excess of female illiterates is not quite so great. In the southern states there are nearly 100,000 more white female illiterates than white male illiterates, and the total number of female illiterates in the south is 2,275,000. Just think of 2,275,000 possible illiterate mothers !

Considering the intelligence of our citizenship in generations to follow us, we could better afford to have five illiterate men than one illiterate mother, and the census figures quoted are simply appalling.

Moreover, nearly all the southern states are showing a purpose to put a premium upon the education of boys by constitutional amendments adopting an educational requirement for suffrage. The general purpose of elevating and dignifying citizenship every one must endorse, but I realize that its tendency will be toward a still greater inequality in the education of the sexes. If it were practicable, an educational qualification for matrimony would be worth more to our citizenship than an educational qualification for suffrage.

Let it be remembered, too, that notwithstanding all our progress in the higher education of women during the past twenty-five years, the odds are still most decidedly in favor of their brothers.

It was my privilege recently to visit many of the leading educational institutions in this country, especially those institutions exclusively for women or those to which women are admitted. In none of the colleges for women did there appear to be such opportunities as are offered in the collegiate department of the Johns Hop-

kins University, or of Columbia, or of Harvard. In none of them did I see such libraries as can be seen even in many of the smaller state and denominational colleges and universities for men.

Everywhere you can find ambitious young women desiring to secure admission to colleges for men, but you have yet to find the ambitious man who is suffering in his mind because he would not be allowed to become a student at a women's college. A young woman once told me that she believed in co-education because men *would* have the best for themselves, and the only way for a woman to get it would be to go to their colleges.

I do not believe that the great body of men and the great body of women need identically the same college education, but it is no longer a debatable proposition that, whatever may be their respective needs, women ought not to find it more difficult than their brothers to secure the best and most thorough training.

Let us consider for a moment who is responsible for the discrimination against women in the matter of education. We must bear in mind that liberal culture was not always considered necessary or even desirable for the *average man*. The state desired educated leaders and the state colleges were created to supply statesmen. The church desired educated leaders and the denominational colleges were created to supply churchmen. As it was impossible for a woman to be a statesman or a churchman, she was naturally overlooked in the educational scheme both of the church and of the state.

Legislatures made appropriations to sustain state colleges, and large endowments were raised for denominational colleges, so that the quality of the education given to men became much better than it could otherwise have become, and at the same time less expensive to the individual.

Finally men began to seek education not that they might become leaders in the state and in the church, but first of all, that they might be strong men; so that today seeing a man at college is no indication that he expects to be a preacher or a politician.

The old idea, however, has had a serious effect upon the educational opportunities of women, and it is only within the past few decades that states and churches have realized, even in the slightest degree, their obligation to make appropriations and raise endowment funds for the liberal culture of their daughters. Indeed at this time there is not in all the south a great endowed college for the education of women—unless we count the Sophie Newcomb, which is a part of Tulane University.

We have some well endowed colleges for men of the white race, and others for men and women of the colored race, but by some strange blindness those agencies which have done so much for the liberal education of white men, negro men, and negro women, have generally either ignored entirely or have trifled with the great question of the education of the women of the white race.

The Federal Government has established its agricultural and mechanical colleges in the various states, but so masculine in their name and work have they been that, where women had permission to enter them, only a few have desired to take the courses of study offered. I have statistics from thirty-three of these colleges, and of the 10,000 students enrolled only about 3,000 are women. Of the 3,000 students enrolled in the principal southern states only about 700 are women.

Many of the states established their universities or state colleges for men nearly a hundred years ago, and after a century's development along the line of masculine tastes and needs, those in authority seem to think that if, without modifying the courses of study in the slightest, they decide to admit women, it is a mark of great generosity and progress.

The chief religious denominations have established their colleges for men, and in many cases have liberally endowed them, but most of their funds raised for the education of women stand today, monuments of brick and mortar, without endowment and with nothing to remind one of their source except their labels.

What the state did in the name of patriotism and statesmanship



and what the religious denominations, following the state's example, did in the name of religion, men and women of wealth, who were possessed with the laudable ambition, to help educate the people of their country, have done in the name of philanthropy.

And so the discrimination against women in college education was begun, continued, but, I regret to say, not ended. It began in the idea that the masses did not need a liberal education, but only a few educated leaders. That idea has long since passed away. The discrimination was continued because of our conservatism, and because of the selfishness or short-sightedness of men, who make the appropriations and direct the use of endowment funds. It is also due to the silence of educated and influential women, who ought to have spoken out long ago. Whether their silence has been due to their unselfish generosity to their brothers, or to their ignorance of the discrimination against their sex, or to their contentment with the conditions so long as they themselves could maintain their leadership among their sex, I do not undertake to decide. But the significant fact remains that until very recently the money given to education by women in the south has been given as a rule to institutions for men. There have been hardly enough exceptions to this rule to prove it.

It is a noteworthy fact in this connection that the largest gift to the cause of education by an American woman, and made within the past few years, is accompanied by a condition limiting the number of women who shall share in its benefits, though the number of men is not limited.

I once tried to influence a Southern woman, a widow, who wished to bequeath a few thousand dollars to education, to give it to an institution for the education of women. She took the matter under careful and conscientious consideration and in a few days told me that she had decided to use her money to aid in the education of boys and men, that her husband was a man. No harm would come of such generosity if men should adopt the principle of reciprocity, and make all their educational donations to women's

colleges on the ground that their wives, daughters and sisters are women.

Next to the improvement of the general public school system the best field for educational investment in the south is the high school and college education of the white women in the country.

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A LETTER TO THE CLASS OF '93.

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DEAR CLASSMATES:—About the middle of June, accompanied by Miss Dixie Lee Bryant, I sailed from Baltimore on one of the North German Lloyd steamers. After a pleasant voyage of two weeks we landed at Bremerhafen at the mouth of the German river Weser. Then came an interesting and amusing experience in the Customs House and the short journey in the North German Lloyd special train to quaint old Bremen, one of the three important Hanseatic towns of Germany. Like most Americans we were traveling in a hurry, and were obliged to be in Berlin next day. But we took time to see a few of the most interesting sights, among them the historic Rathshaus beneath which is the Weinkeller of almost world-wide fame. Having duly admired the paintings, the carved wood, and the fine old winding stair of the Rathshaus, we descended to the Keller and passed through its various sections. I was carried back to my childhood while I stood before that picturesque group: The musicians of Bremen—that once upon a time put to flight a band of robbers, simply by giving a concert, the story of which has entertained thousands.

Looking up at the great red rose on the ceiling of the Rose-room, I was reminded that in olden times the City Fathers held their secret councils there and I wondered whether one of them had been guilty of the pun on "sub-rosa." Entering the door of "The Twelve Apostles" and finding it to be a small, dark room filled with twelve wine casks, each of which bears the name of an apostle, I became speechless. Miss Bryant broke the silence with: "The twelve apostles indeed! They ought to be ashamed of themselves," and I broke into a fit of uncontrollable laughter which has not yet been explained to our dignified guide. The wine of "The Twelve Apostles" is never sold, though it is of the finest quality; but if any sick person needs wine his physician applies at the Keller and the patient receives free of charge all he

asks. When the good Emperor William was in his last illness a gift of some of this wine was sent to him.

In Berlin we stayed in the heart of the city and thus lost no time in hunting for places. We could easily walk down "Unter den Linden" through the Brandenburg Gate, past the "Reichstags Gebände" and the Column of Victory, and along the "Siegerallee" in the Tiergarten every day if we were so inclined. The fragrance of the linden trees will always be associated with my memories of Berlin. I enjoyed it so much that I forgave "Unter den Linden" for falling far short in beauty of the magnificent "Unter den Linden" of my dreams. Then the Tiergarten was much lovelier than I had anticipated and I was disappointed in nothing else. I remember well the exterior of the Old and New Museums, but I attempted to see thoroughly only the picture gallery in the former. My confession of this brought down upon me the contempt of one of my countrymen who said—when I pleaded lack of time—that he "did the whole business and saw everything worth seeing in fifteen minutes."

The finest thing of its kind I ever saw is the wonderful marble figure of Queen Louise in the mausoleum at Charlottenberg. Ranch has made her live again.

An interesting day was spent at Potsdam where we enjoyed everything, from the picturesque old wind-mill that Frederick the Great was not rich enough to buy nor powerful enough to take by force, to the magnificent paintings in the reception-room of the "Sans Soucci;" from the burial place of his dogs and his beloved war-horse by whose side he longed to be laid to the room he made ready for Voltaire; from the Petitioners' tree and the relics in the Old Palace, and the room in which a grim old king went regularly to bed in the coffin he chose to keep, to the pretty hall where every Christmas Eve the present Empress gathers a number of children and makes them happy with music and games and two brilliant Christmas trees; from having our measures taken in the way required of the great Frederick's body-guard—I am a half inch

taller than the great general himself—to the sight of Emperor William's two youngest children who drove past us, greeting us as naturally as any well-bred American children might; from the grotto and the lovely rose garden to the solemn Church of Peace, before the main entrance to which stands a copy of Thorwaldsen's "The Divine Healer." In the mausoleum we saw the sarcophagus of Emperor Frederick—"Unser Fritz," the sufferer. Since seeing the beauty of his strong, patient face as it is brought out in the marble that is formed into the full-length figure resting there so peacefully, I think I understand why one always lowers one's voice in speaking of him. The vacant place I saw beside him was reserved for his wife who had not then died.

More than anything else in Potsdam the apartments of Queen Louise interested me. These are kept sacred to her memory just as she left them. The once snow-white hangings are grey with age, but they are hers. There is her private library—the well-worn books she read—the pictures she loved, the furniture she used, the melodeon on which she played, the dainty cups from which she drank—one of them a birthday gift from little six-year-old Wilhelm who was to become emperor of her country, the Germany for whose unity she so fervently prayed. A beautiful copy of Raphael's Madonna of the chair so pleased me that I went close up to the wall on which it hung, expecting to find a costly porcelain. But it was embroidered on satin—so exquisitely done that, look as close as I might, I could find no fault in the blending of the colors or the expression of the faces. I have been shocked by the ugliness and the irreverence of similar artistic (?) attempts and I sincerely agree with Elizabeth that much fancy work is an invention of the Evil One to prevent women from applying their hearts to wisdom. But this picture is not of the common order and Louise did the work.

It may sound sentimental and I am not sentimental, but long after I shall have forgotten some things that Baedeker marks with a double star, I shall remember this picture and that innocent

child's face on the breakfast-cup, the face unlike and yet so like the portraits of the handsome old emperor.

We saw the outside of the New Palace and hurried back to six o'clock dinner, finding beside our respective plates a charming little bouquet of red, white and blue flowers tied with red, white and blue ribbons. This signified that our thoughtful hostess realized what the Fourth of July means to Americans.

On Wilhelmstrasse the Young Men's Christian Association manages an excellent hotel which is central and inexpensive—and *the servants accept no Trinkgeld* (tips). It is a fine place for young people traveling alone. I stopped there once and felt very much at home. On Sunday I attended "American Church" in the large hall of the Y. M. C. A. building. As the American population is a floating population, the church is of necessity a union church, attended by Baptists, Presbyterians, Methodists, Episcopalians, etc. Phillips Brooks was once its pastor, at another time, Henry Van Dyke, now Dr. Dickie has served for seven years. I did not know, until the pastor told me, that the only visible financial support of the church has always been the Sabbath morning voluntary offering.

Through this body and the Y. M. C. A. a wonderful work is done among our students in the University of Berlin. To my mind, the best thing both organizations do is to bring believers so close together that they realize fully that christianity rather than any one creed is to be the salvation of the world. When the illumination of this truth once comes into a student's life he becomes ten times more valuable to his home-church than ever before.

I spent a week in Jena where Napoleon routed the Prussians in 1806. This famous university town is interesting to American normal school teachers as the home of Dr. Rein; to scientists as the spot where the best microscopes on earth are made; to lovers of literature as the place in which Schiller lived and taught history and wrote "Wallenstein," where he and Goethe learned to speak "soul to soul"; to those who delight in "old-world" scenes as a

city near which "An der Saale hellem Strande stehen Burgen stolz und kuhn."

To me it is a dear old town because I made there some dear friends.

In Wenigenjena is the old church in which Schiller was married and where the pathetic story immortalized by Goethe's poem and Liszt's "Erlkonig" is still told as though it had happened yesterday.

Not far away is the beautiful country around the Schwarzburg and on going thither one must pass the home of the great Froebel.

From Jena to Berlin is an easy two days (thirty hours) journey. From Berlin to Stralsund I traveled comfortably, third class, with a courteous old gentleman from Leipzig and a pretty young woman from Halle, and they kept me interested as the monotonous stretch of country would not have done.

Crossing the island of Rugen, the largest island owned by Germany, I embarked at Sassnitz for Trelleborg, Sweden, and enjoyed my passage. In Trelleborg, after my baggage was inspected, I took a sleeper, in which two pleasant Finnish ladies were my companions, and went direct to Stockholm where my friends awaited me. Soon we set out together and during the rest of the summer they showed me their country and their people, teaching me Scandinavian history and explaining Scandinavian customs in the most delightful fashion.

I have no words to describe the beautiful archipelago I enjoyed on our steamer-trip from Stockholm through Bothnia Bay northward. In Nordingra, Norrland, we visited my friends' sister who is married to a clergyman. I shall never forget the thrill of delight I felt on first seeing the rector's home. It seemed that I could never tire of watching the silver lake that winds and turns and finally reaches the Baltic, nor the solemn fir-covered mountains that shut in the valley. Then all we saw or heard or did interested me: whether it was climbing the mountains to get the view from the top, or strolling through the flower-scented meadows in the

long, clear evening; whether it was the long line of church stables where the horses that bring their masters to divine service are protected from the winter's cold, or the "hangmen" in the fields on which the hay is hanged to dry; the details of the housekeeping, the fine home-woven linen sheets and towels, the beautiful table-linen, the table itself with its load of good things—including the refreshing cold soup made from the fruit of the wild rose, the crisp, white "Norrländ" bread that is made once every twelve months, the fine wild strawberries, and delicious, rich milk; the beautiful custom of shaking hands with the host and hostess, when the meal is ended and the blessing asked, and thanking them for their hospitality; the picturesque costumes of the peasants and the courtly manners of the gentlefolk, and the funeral on a Sunday morning when after church the friends of the deceased gathered in an upper room of the school-house and each received a glass of wine, a cake and a piece of candy. This last custom is peculiar to Nordingra and as strange to my Stockholm friends as it was to me. It was once customary to serve on such occasions a quantity of very strong liquors, but the present rector's influence has lessened the amount and the strength of the beverage.

The best thing I found in Nordingra was this rector and his handsome wife. He is a hale old man of eighty-one, with a sweet, pure face on which is written the history of a well spent life, a strong mellow voice I loved to hear, and perfectly fascinating manners. His wife, thirty years younger, is his true help-meet and their worth to their parish will not be fully estimated on this earth.

Traveling through the beautiful province of Jemtland, I visited Ann, Are, Storlien, etc. I scaled the Areskutan and was well repaid. Leaving behind us in order the regions of the pine, the birch, the polar willow, and finally climbing over rock, rock, rock where no vegetation could exist, we had at the top the widest view I had ever seen. The distant mountains of Norway, crowned with perpetual snow, lake after lake of extraordinary beauty, the blue of the ether above and beyond and all around us—I *can not* describe it—it is useless to try.



Of all the mountain scenery I really enjoyed most that at Storlien. It was here that the sun rose at half-past two in the morning and at any time of the night I could read or write unaided by artificial light. Here are used those enormous snow shoes, the ability to manage which seems miraculous. In coming thither our train passed again and again through great wooden tunnels, built to protect against snow-drifts in winter. The conductor allowed us to stand upon the platform the better to enjoy the country traversed. Arrived in Storlien, there was the first night no room at the inn and each of us had a compartment of the sleeper fitted up for a bed-chamber. It was quite comfortable and no end of fun and the conductor was very proud to act as host to a Froken from far America. The railroad officials in the employ of the State are capable and obliging. They are forbidden to accept tips and I found that they do not take advantage of a foreigner's ignorance of the law.

Crossing the border, we saw Meraker in Norway and then returned to Stockholm. Although I traveled none in Norway, I met several interesting Norwegians. I stood in much awe of one brilliant young scientist until, in his desire to improve his English, he sought me out and talked with me of things I could understand. Then I liked him greatly.

I found Stockholm a beautiful modern city. The climate is usually delightfully cool, but this summer the heat has been unprecedented in Sweden. We got daily newspaper reports of the terrible heat and drought in America, and I was frequently thus addressed: "When it is so warm in Stockholm, how can people live in North Carolina. The intensity of the heat must beggar description."

Out of courtesy to my friends I was invited to dine on the lovely island of Djursholm in the villa of Mr. and Mrs. Beckman. Mr. Beckman is a prominent Swede, for some time representing the liberal party in Parliament. He has twice visited our country and has written a book that many consider the fairest book ever written

about America by a foreigner. The son of an excellent bishop of the church of Sweden and an intimate friend of the late great poet, Victor Ruyder, a man of unusual intelligence and sterling qualities, he is a leader in the temperance movement and in all movements that tend to Sweden's greatest good. His wife is a lovely American woman who, without having lost any of her attachment to her native land, passionately loves and zealously labors for the uplifting of the people of her adopted country. The "treasure" of their happy family is Mrs. Beckman's mother, a rare woman.

On this evening I saw the fine bust of Victor Ruyder that had recently been unveiled and the pretty church that has been erected by private individuals in Djursholm—something very unusual in a country where the State builds all the churches. The mural decorations were done by the pastor who is an artist of no mean ability as well as a man of deep piety, great culture and liberal views. I was gratified to know that an able minister of my own denomination has twice preached in this church. In one of the State's churches, of course, a Dissenter could never have spoken.

I dined one day in the Skansen, whose patriotic founder's recent death was the cause of mourning to an entire nation. We spent the whole afternoon there, listening to the music, strolling through the grounds, ascending the tower, etc., and I should have liked to go there often, for there is preserved as it were the history of Scandinavia—and especially of Sweden—for hundreds of years. Scandinavian plants and animals, Scandinavian peasants' houses with their furnishings, the peasants in their picturesque and often beautiful costumes, the Laplander's hut with the living Lapp family in it, Swedenborg's house and his books, etc. All servants employed must wear the national costume and any other person who wears it is admitted to the Skansen free of charge. No strong liquors are allowed there. It is at one and the same time a zoological garden, an exquisite park and open-air museum whose purpose is not only to give pleasure, to afford the weary rest and recreation, but to teach history and nourish patriotic principles. Would that our State had a Skansen!

To those who care about the great world-movement among Christian students, it is interesting to know that Stockholm is the home of Dr. Karl Fries, the scholarly chairman of the Executive Committee of the World's Student Christian Federation. To me it is also intensely interesting because my friends live and labor there.

Dr. Lagerstedt, a cultured gentleman of beautiful character and wide sympathies, is a teacher and pedagogical author of long experience. In 1893 he was sent by his government to America and the address he made at the Educational Congress held during the World's Fair at Chicago was published in the report of that body's proceedings. Last year at Paris he had charge of important Swedish school exhibits. Speaking German, French and English besides his native tongue, very modest and quite unspoiled by popularity, he is a useful Christian of whom it is true that they who know him intimately admire him most.

His sister, Miss Agnes Lagerstedt, has done more for Stockholm's poor than any other human being. A few years ago she came to the city to teach and in visiting some of her little pupils—for, true to the instincts of a good teacher, she must know her pupils personally—she found to her dismay the existence in the crowded, badly built tenement houses, where laborers were herded together, of such a state of things as she, in her wholesome, shielded life had never even dreamed of. Being a practical woman of action, she resolutely set herself to work against these social evils. Leaving her own home, she went to live in the very midst of people whom many considered "beyond redemption." Gradually winning their confidence, she has not only taught these poor creatures how to live, but in her quiet, womanly way, living her beliefs, though preaching little, she has brought about the organization of the Stockholm Laborers' Dwellings Company. As the manager of the company's well-built houses, she is in her element. With manual-labor classes for the children, a library for the men and women, an attractive room set apart for short lectures on

various subjects and for divine service, with two clean, wide courts that serve as the childrens' play-ground, and a well-conducted shop in which the tenants get the best quality of necessary food-stuffs at reasonable prices, she makes it possible for the poorest of the six hundred souls under her immediate supervision not only to live in clean rooms and breathe pure air, but to live clean lives. Her work has attracted the attention of the best people in Sweden and the good queen herself has personally visited these houses.

Some years ago—in 1884, I think—my friend received an answer to her fervent prayer that “God would show her how to be of some use in the world.” “As though the whole plan were written out,” she saw herself out in the country for the summer months with a number of delicate city children. She saw their pale faces growing round and rosy, their little bodies growing stronger, and their young minds expanding in the wholesome, happy country life—and the group was called a “Vacation Colony.” Beginning at once to obey her call, that very summer she rented a large house in a lovely rural district and with one confidential friend to help her, managed the first vacation colony ever heard of in Sweden. She succeeded so well and the children derived so much benefit from it that the idea of vacation colonies began to spread. People who were glad to do good when they knew what to do, gladly gave Miss Lagerstedt pecuniary aid as well as spoken and written sympathy. Now every summer there are many such colonies. I visited several and was delighted with the way in which they are conducted. Two or more teachers are in charge of the children. Boys and girls have a certain amount of work to do—just enough to prevent demoralization. Those who can afford it pay a nominal price for board. The State makes some reduction on the railway tickets. Good people everywhere are becoming more and more interested in the truly philanthropic work—but it is all the work of one school teacher who has great faith and consecrated common sense.

My happiest month during the summer was spent on an island

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off the east coast of Sweden in my friend's "cottage by the sea." Here I learned to know the real Scotch heather and the lichen that the reindeer eats. I spent hours in the row-boat that belongs to the house. I bathed in the open sea. I tramped to my heart's content—one day walking nine miles without growing weary. (Of course that is nothing to brag about in a country where men and women walk so much, but I was secretly proud of it). I took my afternoon nap regularly in the yard—the park we called it, with a shawl under and over me, the salt water splashing the rocks at my feet, the sighing of the firs all around me and the blue sky above me. I did enjoy it! There I enjoyed to the fullest extent the home-life with my friends. They taught me much of all classes and conditions of men—and I was much interested in all the Swedish customs. Much was entirely new to me and yet I was often forcibly reminded in the most unexpected manner of some sweet old southern custom that we in these busy, practical times of ours are allowing to fall into disuse. I wish I could tell you all the revelation of hospitality and refinement, beauty and reverence that came to me this summer. I like the Swedes. May they live long!

BERTHA M. LEE.

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ONE DAY IN A KINDERGARTEN.

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HELEN M. EDWARDS,

Superintendent of Kindergarten, School No. 4, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A fine spring day and a box of arbutus! Enough to make any kindergartner happy.

I set out bright and early, opened the windows and put the fish food and the watering pot within reach of very short arms, conscious meanwhile of the increasing sound of children's voices, outside the boys' entrance, as they waited for the inexorable janitor, who *would* not let them in before the appointed time.

I had just opened the piano, and was folding up the sand table cover, when the magic hour arrived, and the play ground was alive with a shouting, rushing, mass of boys of various sizes. The four and five year olders can hardly compete with their brothers of ten or twelve, but they do their best, and the sand table cover was still in my hands when Lester appeared, barely in time to gasp out, "I'm first," before Tony, Joe and Willie dashed after him.

Tony approached with a beaming smile, in all the glory of a new blouse, and still more delightful, clean hands and face. How glad I was that I sent him home to be washed yesterday.

I expressed my pleasure with my best Italian phrases and my best American smile, and gave him his choice of feeding the fish, or putting the arbutus in water. He chose to arrange the flowers, and the other boys and girls, as they came in, changed the water in the vases, fed the fish and watered the plants, keeping me informed meanwhile of any exciting events.

"De fish is eatin' ". "De hy'cinths openin' its buds." "Mrs. Abrams, Mrs. Abrams, de tad-pole's got legs."—"Mrs. Abrams" is their rendition of Miss Edwards'— This last announcement caused a rush which endangered the life of tad-poles, aquarium and all, but Mrs. Higgins went to the rescue and allowed relays of ardent young naturalists to approach and admire the legs, in

turn, after which they dusted the chairs, looked at picture books or played in the sand, until Rose, the executive spirit, organized a game. The players sat Turk fashion on the floor.

"Mary may shut her eyes" began Rose "and"—— "I! I! I!" from half a dozen voices. She looked round the circle in quiet disapproval, "I couldn't choose any one who screamed, Aaron may put the ball in some body's hands." My voice and manner were such that Mrs. Higgins and I dared not look at each other.

The turbulent ones subsided and the game went on peacefully until it was time to sit in our chairs for the morning circle. Michael whispered to me, "I'm doin' ter det a new pair er shoes tu-night, dese are Danny's shoes," and then, feeling the quiet that had come over the children, settled back in his chair to listen to the music.

Mrs. Higgins played us a spring song bubbling over with life and joy that day, and the children seemed to feel it, and sang their morning Thanksgiving with an extra amount of fervor.

We had to have all manner of sunshine songs, and these led to a request for a star song, a Christmas song, "We haven't sung it for ever so long, we might forget it."

Do you mean "One night when stars were shining"? I asked. "Yes" said most of the children. "No" said Joe, very decidedly. "Why not, Joe"? I asked in surprise. He was a new boy and I doubted if he had ever heard the song, certainly it was hard to conceive what he could have against it, but he looked indignant and positively scowling. "Why don't you like it"? echoed several children. "Me fader shine, me fader shine *nice*," was his answer, which meant nothing to me until I remembered that his father had a boot mending and blacking establishment, and realized that he might consider 'stars' as some upstart who would injure the prospects of the family. The objection was not sustained, however, and the song was sung, and then we turned our attention to the arbutus. The color, shape and growth were all discussed, and then I carried it round the circle for each child to smell. There were many expressions of pleasure, but Aida's look was of positive

rapture, when, after burying her nose in the bunch, she lifted her head and exclaimed, "Ach! dat schmell like chewin' gum!" As the children were marching to the tables, a little later, Harry spied a cecropia moth on the window sill. "A butterfly, a butterfly spreadin' his wings," he cried in joy.

We had to have another march at once, to let every one see it, and then we cut open the cocoon and examined the beautiful silk threads and the hard shell inside, out of which the moth had worked its way.

The day's programme was put aside, and more or less remarkable, but really spirited representatives of cocoon and moth were cut out freehand, modeled and painted by different groups of children.

When their works needed it, they stood close beside the moth to observe it the better, and Hilda, who had not entered the kindergarten when we had live caterpillars and evidently had not been duly impressed by stories and pictures of the metamorphosis nor yet by the empty shell, said sadly, "Why did he go off and leave his children?" "He might be lookin' for work," said Carl, prematurely familiar with such an experience. Arthur ignored these remarks entirely, after looking with all his might for some minutes he turned to me with shining eyes, and the words of the butterfly came on his lips "Its a free and happy creature, isn't it, Mrs. Abrams?"; and how we did play that game! The children were transformed into caterpillars, spun their cocoons and emerged with whole-souled glee, free and happy creatures indeed.

"What shall we do with him?" was the next question. "Where do you think he would like to be?" I asked. "In the Park." Public opinion was unanimous. It would have been affectation to ask if the kindergarten was willing to accompany the moth. It was beamingly, effervescently willing. But, as the "parade" formed in a double line, they zealously reminded each other "The other children are doin' their lessons," and when I put my hand on the door knob and said "Ready" I saw forty pairs of lips com-



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pressed with such preternatural tightness that my only fear was lest reaction must come before we could get safely through the school yard. Fortunately their resolution held out until they reached the sidewalk and with many sighs of relief and exclamations: "We can talk, now," the parade was fairly off.

We passed the crossings, street cars and all in safety, greeted by those that did and most of those that didn't know us, and made our way through the park to the vale of cashmere, chosen by acclamation as the suitable home for the moth, and there we put it on a laurel bush and said goodbye. The children watched breathlessly while it fluttered its wings once or twice, flew up, then down, and at last sailed over the tree tops. Some ran to look for it, others imitated the motion of its wings, but George, after watching it eagerly until it was out of sight, turned with equal eagerness to say: "Could we go home by de grass Mrs. Abrams; could we make tumblesets?"

NORTH CAROLINA DAY.

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## PROGRAMME OF EXERCISES

BY THE  
ADELPHIAN AND CORNELIAN LITERARY SOCIETIES  
OF THE  
STATE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE.  
MONDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1901.

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SUBJECT:—Roanoke, The First Anglo-Saxon Settlement in America.

## PROGRAMME.

Music: By the College Orchestra.

Song: "My Country 'Tis of Thee."

Essay: The First Anglo-Saxon Settlement in America. Miss  
Annie Belle Hoyle.

Music: By the College Orchestra.

Essay: The Lost Colony. Miss Neita Watson.

Song: Ho! For Carolina.

Address: Our Debt of Gratitude to Raleigh. William C. Smith.

Music: By the College Orchestra.

Recitation: The Mystery of Croatan. Miss Carrie Sparger.

Song: The Old North State.

## ADDRESS.

OUR DEBT OF GRATITUDE TO RALEIGH,

PROF. WILLIAM C. SMITH.

*Young Ladies of The Adelpian and Cornelian Literary Societies:*

It is my purpose to speak to you today very simply, very briefly, and of necessity very incompletely concerning one whom the world has agreed to call great. Very simply, for no terms of extrava-

gant eulogy are needed to describe the services of one whom the world acknowledges its benefactor; very incompletely—for his mind and his genius were so versatile, his labors so manifold, his successes so numerous, and his influence so far reaching, as to render futile any attempt to describe them in full.

I present for your consideration Sir Walter Raleigh, and more particularly, Raleigh the colonizer; present him in no spirit of hero worship—for, being a man he was not perfect—but present him *as a man*, finite, imperfect, erring, and subject to disappointments and discouragement.

Rightly interpreted, the term man is in itself a title of distinction, for the scarcest thing in the world is a man. Not a man as defined in terms of the dictionary—not a human being, not an individual of the human race—or of these the world boasts at the present time a census roll of about one and a half billion—but a man in the sense used by Shakespeare when he speaks of one whom nature might stand up and say to all the world—"This was a man"—and of whom Carlyle has said—Beware when such an one is born into the world.

A man, a great man if we must needs use the term, is more than matter; he is force, creative force, and his coming upon the world's arena is a revolution. He is a maker of history, he is history, he adds to the heritage of the race, and the world is the better for his coming. The sphere of his influence none can measure. Socialize him if you will, distinguish him by name and nationality if convenient, call him Copernicus, Luther, Galileo, Columbus, Washington, or even so prosaic a combination as Adam Smith, yet his is a name and influence confined to no time and place, and centuries after his death, we may say of him—"he *is*."

Great souls I repeat are all too few, yet the world has not always dealt kindly with its benefactors; else Luther had not been persecuted, Galileo made to abjure, Columbus imprisoned, and even the Master nailed to the cross.

In further proof of the truth of this statement, stand with me for

a brief time in Palace Yard, London, an open space forming an approach to Westminster. The time is early morning, and the date, October 29, 1618. We look out over a sea of human faces, gathered even at this early hour to witness what was perhaps the crowning act of folly in the reign of a foolish king. In the foreground stands a scaffold and upon it two human beings; one the executioner leaning upon his weapon, the axe; the other, the victim—his features hidden, for his head is bowed in prayer.

Who is it? we inquire. Two answers are ours, one that of the doomed man himself, as he read the verdict of his time in the sentence passed upon him by the servile court of a yet more servile sovereign. "I am a beggar and withered," we hear him saying, "one who has toiled terribly only to reap poverty, censure, disgrace and death. What have I to do with life? I kiss the weapon that promises a release, 'tis a sharp medicine, but a sure cure for all diseases."

Yet another answer is ours, even the verdict of time and the world, and I ask of you, the heirs of the ages, you who have access to a library, you who possess the recorded wisdom of mankind, who was Walter Raleigh? Call the roll of nations—who has felt this man's influence? England answers, I; Spain, I; Holland, I; America, I.

A great man. Great in what? A far-seeing statesman in an age that produced a Cecil and a Washington; a distinguished soldier in the age of Coligny and William of Orange, an able naval commander in the time of Hawkins and Drake; a famous explorer in the time of Davis and Frobisher, an excellent poet even in the time of Spencer and Shakespeare, an eminent scholar and historian in the time of Bacon, an accomplished gentleman and chivalrous knight in the age of Sidney

That Raleigh was a great man the world is agreed, yet the world is by no means agreed as to why he best deserves the term. Candor compels me to say that the very subject I have chosen, Raleigh the colonizer, is that phase of his life least often receiving a

tribute of praise and in truth, not infrequently described as an absolute failure. "The failure of Raleigh's plans" is a paragraph subject not unfamiliar to those of us who have studied English and American history.

Your great man is a prophet, a seer, often one sent before his time, always in advance of his age. His work is in the present, its visible results in the future. Such, I take it, was the case with Raleigh. You have heard the story of the Anglo-Saxon's arrival on this continent, you are familiar with the history of Jamestown and Plymouth, and I propose for your consideration, not Raleigh's plans and their failure, not Raleigh's attempts and their disastrous undoing, but Raleigh the father of Anglo-Saxon colonization in America, and, as a corollary—Our debt of gratitude to Raleigh. Passing over the circumstances of his birth and early education, the field in which we first find Raleigh playing the part of a man is in France, where, as a volunteer in the cause of liberty he takes service under the great and good Admiral Coligny, and devotes more than six years of his life in assisting the French protestants in their struggle for religious liberty. Here he first heard from Coligny's lips of the attempts he had made to plant a colony in the sunny region of the new world—a colony which should be a refuge for his persecuted brethren among the French Huguenots. Of the sad fate of this infant settlement planted on the borders of what we now know as the state of South Carolina, Raleigh heard—how that through the cruel treachery of the Spaniards under Menendez, it was wiped out in blood. From him, also, and from the painter De Morgues, one of the few survivors of the ill-fated colony—he learned of the marvelous beauty and manifold attractions of this new land and here formed what he afterwards termed the dear desire of his heart, the desire to plant an English nation in America.

Raleigh's next service was in the Netherlands, where in company with his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, he was aiding the protestant Netherlands in their struggle for independence. He

was thus, unwittingly, assisting to prepare a place of refuge for the Puritan Separatists who in after years were destined to be harried out of the land of their birth by the same sovereign who gave Raleigh a sacrifice to the hatred of Spain. Here Raleigh's "dear desire" was made known to his brother Humphrey, and together they formed a plan which seemed to promise its accomplishment.

Gilbert, as the elder, better known, and, at that time the more influential of the two brothers, sought and obtained from Queen Elizabeth a patent authorizing him and his associates to seek out, explore and occupy such heathen lands not actually possessed by any christian people as to them should seem good. Three attempts were made to send out a colony to the coast of Newfoundland in the last of which Sir Humphrey lost his life. Raleigh was associated in these undertakings, assisted in the necessary preparations, furnished a portion of the required capital, and even embarked as commander of one of the vessels in the first voyage. He was later forbidden by the Queen to accompany the other expeditions, the reason assigned being that she had need of his services at home.

As a result of these same services Raleigh was rapidly growing in favor at court. Poorer in purse by some ten thousand dollars as a result of the Newfoundland enterprise, and stricken with grief by the loss of his brother, Raleigh yet determined to persevere in his determination of planting an English nation in America. In 1584, the year following Gilbert's death, he sought and obtained from Elizabeth a patent authorizing him to carry out his desire.

As this was the first patent under which an English settlement was made in America and served as a model for future grants in the time of the Stuarts, it is well to take note of some of its more important provisions—particularly as the document may be regarded as embodying Raleigh's ideas and as expressing his purpose and object in obtaining it.

Raleigh had higher ideas than sending out a body of brave adventurers whose main purpose should be a quest for gold. He

was seeking to found not a temporary fort or supply station, but a permanent colony and hence he looked into the future and considered generations as yet unborn.

The patent provided that the laws governing the proposed colony should be those of England as near as the same could conveniently be. Moreover the land discovered and occupied was to belong to Raleigh, his heirs, and assigns in fee simple, to be held by them forever "with full power to dispose thereof" at their will and pleasure. More important still, perhaps, it was specifically stated and guaranteed that the colonists and their heirs were to have and should have all the rights and privileges of free born Englishmen, and this in no narrow sense or restricted meaning, but in the words of the grant itself "in such like ample manner and form, as if they were born and personally resident within the realm of England."

We have heard much of the claim voiced by Patrick Henry, Samuel Adams and other Revolutionary fathers, the oft-repeated claim to the rights of free born Englishmen. Here in this first charter granted with a view to foster colonization, the model of those afterwards issued to the London and Plymouth companies we have the origin and basis of the claim—and placed there through the far-seeing wisdom of the great colonizer Raleigh.

The story of the expeditions has been given you. There was no wild rush for an imaginary El Dorado, no reckless sending out of colonists to an unknown and uninhabitable region. An exploring expedition was first sent out in charge of able and experienced captains, and not until the most flattering report was made concerning the land, climate, inhabitants, and natural resources and its general fitness as a home for English people was a colony sent out. And here another point deserves our attention. Forbidden to accompany the colony himself, Raleigh sought to send out those who should represent him the most worthily, kindred and friends, those near and dear to him, men of recognized ability and well qualified for the particular work in hand. Sir Richard Greenville,

the commander of the expedition, was a near kinsman of Raleigh; better still, he was a man of distinguished ability. Lane, the governor, was also a soldier of distinction. Both received the honor of knighthood, both enjoyed the confidence and respect of Elizabeth, both were of her council of war in that grave crisis when the Spanish armada was bearing down upon the English coast, both were placed in command of forces designed to repel the invader. Hariot, a member of Raleigh's household, his friend and teacher, a scientist and one of the foremost mathematicians of his day, was also of the company. He was enjoined to make a careful study of the country and report in detail concerning its resources.

Some results are to be noted. The region was carefully explored, southward to a distance of 80 miles or more; westward and northwestward, 130 miles, and northward, 130 miles into the present state of Virginia and in the vicinity of Chesapeake bay, the locality of which they fixed, though they did not actually look upon its waters. Lane, in his written report to Sir Walter Raleigh, speaks of the bay, and of his intention to make that the site of the settlement, in place of Roanoke—whose harbor he affirms to be "very naught." Hariot nobly performed the work entrusted to him. There was no tree, no shrub, no form of vegetable and animal life too insignificant to receive his attention. The result was a most elaborate, detailed and carefully written report, such as had probably never before been given to the world by an early explorer. Specimens of the country's products were gathered; John White, the artist, prepared drawings and illustrations, all of which were sent home to England. Thus was North America, its climate, resources, and manifold attractions first really made known to the English speaking world. Thus was interest awakened in it, and the determination aroused that, under the providence of God, at least a portion of it should become the permanent possession and home of the English people.

In the expedition sent out under White, several points are worthy of our consideration. The purpose remained the same—



but experience was teaching its lessons and revealing the means through which the end in view was to be accomplished. First of all, if an agricultural and commercial state was to be established, it must be self-supporting and conducted on business principles. Business enterprise, skill, energy, foresight and capital must be interested in the work. Raleigh therefore associated with him as sharers in and directors of the enterprise, a number of the leading business men of London. These constituted in a sense a board of directors. They were known as "adventurers to Virginia"; they adventured or risked their money in the undertaking. In the second place, this colony was to have a regularly organized form of government. Articles of incorporation were issued, and a governor and twelve assistants chosen from among the colonists constituted a corporate body styled the governor and assistants of the city of Raleigh in Virginia. Again it is worthy of note that the site of this city was to be, not at Roanoke Island, nor on the coast adjoining—but in the same pleasant and fruitful region further northward where a good harbor might be found. It was therefore ordered that the colonists should stop at Roanoke only long enough to take on board the colony of fifteen men left by Greenville to hold the fort, when they should proceed to Chesapeake bay, known to Raleigh and the merchant adventurers through the explorations and report of Lane—and there on some suitable site build the city of Raleigh. Lastly—this was to be no fishing station, trading or military post, but an organized government; it was essential therefore that the corner stone, the home—be not wanting. Raleigh had the wisdom to see the necessity of and to make provision for the family and home life. Husbands and wives, fathers and mothers and children were represented in this colony.

With this brief account of the purpose, plans and work of the great colonizer, an account based not on surmise and conjecture, but upon the patent and the written documents of the time, we are prepared to view the organization of the London and Plymouth companies, the later settlement at Jamestown and the English colo-

nization of America in their proper light—not as a new plan, formed by a new company, governed by a new purpose and settling in a new region—but as a carrying out of Raleigh's plans in accordance with his purpose, ideas and methods.

What, then, is our debt of gratitude to Raleigh? Briefly summed up it is as follows: (1). Raleigh was the first to conceive the idea of planting an English nation in America, and this at a time when Spain was fast securing possession of the country. (2). The patent which he secured contained in it these guarantees of the rights and privileges of free born Englishmen, which repeated anew in other documents for which it served as a model constituted one of the impregnable grounds upon which the colonies afterwards maintained the struggle which ended in independence. (3). Raleigh it was who first made known to the English speaking world the great attractions and rich resources of the South Atlantic region, and thus turned the minds of Englishmen steadfastly toward the colonization of America. (4). He gave to his race the plan through which the desired end was to be accomplished, a self-sustaining state conducted on business principles. Of the nineteen men who conducted the work, and at whose charge the Jamestown colony was founded, no less than ten of them had been associated with Raleigh in directing the affairs of White's colony. They styled themselves as before, "adventurers to Virginia," and their secretary, Thomas Smith, one of the most energetic promoters of the Jamestown settlement, was among the number of Raleigh's associates. (5). Not only the South Atlantic region—but the very site of the Jamestown settlement, in the vicinity of Chesapeake bay, had been marked out by Raleigh as the place where the corner stone was to be laid. (6). Before the permanency of the Jamestown colony was assured, yet another of Raleigh's ideas was adopted, viz., that the foundation of the colony must rest upon the home altar, brightened and cheered and inspired by the presence of women and children.

In conclusion, history deals with two classes of facts—acts and

ideas. Of these ideas are not the least important, since acts are the result of ideas? It follows then that he who enriches the world with an idea is one of the world's benefactors. In time we measure the contributions to civilization, whether by individuals or nations—not in land, not in silver and gold, not in worldly good—but in ideas. A mummy, a fragment of papyrus, an inscribed tablet, a pyramid—these are not the things for which we are grateful to Egypt. Hers was a medieval civilization no doubt, yet she gave to the world ideas—ideas which transmitted to other nations have come down to us as a precious heritage. Our debt of gratitude to Greece consists not in an Iliad, a marble venus, a frieze from the Parthenon—beautiful as these are even in their fragments. How many before me today have actually read the Iliad? How many have seen the actual remains of Greek architecture, sculpture and painting? Few indeed—yet there is not one of us who has not profited by Greek ideas. Rome has given us, not a colosseum, not the crumbling remains of walls built by Agucola, not even a language—these at least are not her great gifts to the world—but ideas of law and government. It is perhaps not too early to say that the great gift of the Anglo-Saxons—is also an idea—the republican form of government.

True in the case of nations—it is also true of individuals—ideas constitute these most imperishable and valuable contributions to civilization. The greatest thing that Peabody did for us, I take it, was not that he gave over five million dollars to the cause of education—valuable as is the gift and incalculable the benefits arising from it—but rather that he gave to the world the idea of giving. Events are transient—at best the world will little know nor long remember what we do here—ideas are enduring. We are grateful to Raleigh—for he gave the world ideas. His plans were not a failure, nor his attempts void of profitable results. The English nation has declared it in the sentence placed upon his memorial window in the church of St. Margaret—"He laid the corner stone of the American republic"; America has declared it through the

mouth of her ablest modern historian, Fiske, " When we mention the names of the great men who have founded the United States, it is right to begin with the name of Raleigh."

SECOND ANNUAL MEETING  
OF THE  
STATE LITERARY AND HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION,  
MUSIC HALL OF THE OLIVIA RAINEY LIBRARY,  
TUESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 22, 1901,  
8 TO 11 O'CLOCK.

PROGRAMME OF EXERCISES.

- 8:00 P. M.—Prayer by the Rev. Eugene Daniel, D. D.  
Address by the President, Justice Walter Clark.  
Violin Solo by Mr. Clarence de Vaux-Royer, Raleigh,  
N. C.
- 8:25 P. M.—Address: "Status of the Library Movement in North  
Carolina," by Professor G. A. Grimsley, Greens-  
boro, N. C.
- 9:05 P. M.—Address: "What Durham County is doing, and what  
the State ought to be doing for Public Schools."  
Hon. Robert W. Winston, Durham, N. C.
- 9:20 P. M.—Reports of Committees.  
Vocal Solo, by Miss Mary R. Mackay, Raleigh, N. C.
- 9:40 P. M.—Address: "Proposition to celebrate on Roanoke  
Island the landing of Raleigh's Colony," by  
Major Graham Daves, New Berne, N. C.  
Proposition seconded by Governor Chas. B. Aycock.  
General Discussion.  
Piano Solo by Miss Chilian Pixley, Raleigh, N. C.
- 10:20 P. M.—Address: "Ways and Means to erect a Statue to Sir  
Walter Raleigh in our State Capital," by General  
Julian S. Carr, Durham, N. C.  
General Discussion.  
Vocal Solo by Miss Alice Huston Hammond, Ral-  
eigh, N. C.
- 10:40 P. M.—Poem: "Sir Walter Raleigh" (written for the occa-  
sion) by Mr. Henry Jerome Stockard.
- 10:50 P. M.—Election of Officers.  
Benediction.
- 11:00 P. M.—Adjournment.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

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Mr. Henry Jerome Stockard then read the following beautiful poem, for which he was, upon motion of Judge Robinson, given a rising vote of thanks:

He is not greatest who with pick and spade  
Makes excavations for some splendid fane  
Nor he who lays with trowel, plumb, and line  
Upon the eternal rock its base of stone—  
Nor is he greatest who lifts slow its walls,  
Flutes its white pillars, runs its architrave  
And frieze and cornice, sets its pictured panes,  
And points its airy minarets with gold:—  
Nor he who peoples angle, niche, and aisle  
With sculptured angels, and with symbol graves  
Column and arch and nave and gallery:—  
These are but delvers, masons, artisans,  
Each working out his part of that vast plan  
Projected in the master-builder's brain.

And he who wakes the organ's soulful tones  
Faint, far away, that those that haply steal—  
The first notes of the song of the redeemed—  
From out the spirit-world to dying ears;—  
Or rouses it in lamentations wild  
Of Calvary, or moves its inmost deeps  
With sobs and cryings unassuaged that touch  
The heart to tears for unforgiven sin,—  
He voices but the echo of that hymn  
Whose surges shook the great composer's soul.

Bold admirals of the vast high-seas of dream  
With neither chart nor azimuth nor star,  
That push your prows into the mighty trades  
And ocean-streams towards continents unknown:—  
Brave pioneers that slowly blaze your way  
And set cairns for peoples yet unborn

Upon imagination's dim frontiers—  
Ye are the makers, rulers of the world!

And so this splendid land to sunward laid,  
With opulent fields and many a winding stream  
And virgin wood; with stores of gems and veins  
Of richest ore; with mills and thronging marts,  
The domain of the freest of the free.—  
'Tis but the substance of his dream,—the pure  
The true, the generous knight who marked its bounds  
With liberal hand by interfusing seas.

What though no sage may read the riddle dark  
Of Croatan, diffused through marsh and waste  
And solitude? Their valor did not die,  
But is incorporate in our civic life.  
They were of those who fought at Bannockburn;  
Their vital spirits spake at Mecklenburg;  
They rose at Alamance, at Bethel led,  
And at Cardenas steered through blinding shells;—  
They live today and shall forever live,  
Lifting mankind toward freedom and toward God!

And he still lives, the courteous and the brave  
Whose life went out in seeming dark defeat.  
The Tower held not his princely spirit immured,  
But in those narrow dungeon-walls he trod  
Kingdoms unlimited by earthly zones.  
And from its dismal gates passed unafraid  
To an inheritance beyond decay,  
Stored in the love and gratitude of man.  
He lives in our fair city, noble State,  
Puissant land,—in all each hopes to be!  
He was the impulse to these later deeds.  
He lives in noble words and splendid dreams,  
In strenuous actions and in high careers,  
An inspiration unto loftier things.

Upon the scheme of ages man shall find  
Success oft failure, failure oft success,  
When he shall read the record of the years!

## EDITORIALS.

**Our Decennial Year.** With this term the State Normal and Industrial College enters its decennial year. The establishment of this institution was the result of a contest sharp and decisive, though not prolonged. For one hundred years the State had demanded political and religious leaders. Men only could fill these places. The State and the church saw to it that boys had the opportunity to fit themselves for the work. Since women could fill neither want, they needed no education. The State and the church gave her what they thought she needed, but neither had ever thought of a state appropriation or of an endowment to aid her. But a new era dawned. Slaves no longer did the master's bidding. Lands lay fallow, but no laborers tilled them. The wash-tub, the cooking stove, the scrub brush, the hoe, the axe were impossible weapons against poverty in the hands of women accustomed only to the piano and the embroidery frame. They must go out of the home to earn a support for themselves and for others. Their fathers and brothers could no longer shield them. At first it was a veiled master, this poverty. "After a while times will be better, and you need not teach or stand behind the counter, for I shall be able to care for you," said the man to the woman. But twenty years passed before conditions crystallized; before it was seen that she must go on and that through no circular paths, over no soft foot-way could the woman pass to do the work assigned her by poverty. Instead she must travel around sharp corners, over plane surfaces, clear cut, hard, and cold. She was helpless. The State only had the power to give or withhold the preparation which she had bestowed upon her sons for the same labor. Then it was that a few men had the courage to tell their fellows of their duty.

The legislation in behalf of a college for the higher education of women, its defeats and its final victory over "the conservatism"



of North Carolina is to us a familiar story Two years after the opening of the second State college for men; after fifteen years of State aid to negro men and women; after one hundred years existence of the university for white men, the white women of our State were told that North Carolina would aid them in their preparation for self-support. Even then the existence of this institution was partly due to private philanthropy. The citizens of Greensboro gave \$30,000, Mr. R. S. Pullen, Mr. R. T. Gray, of Raleigh, and others, donated the land—ten acres. The General Assembly made an annual appropriation of \$10,000 and the Peabody Fund gave \$5,000.

The doors were opened to students September 28, 1892, with two buildings, both unfinished, a faculty of fifteen and less than two hundred students.

The work which has been done in ten years can not be represented in numbers, though our statistics furnish tangible proof of colossal labor and influence.

In and out of our doors have come and gone more than two thousand young women. Some have spent but a few months, but each one has taken back home higher ideals. If her own ambition has not been awakened, if she and her friends have decided that her coming here was a failure, yet her out-look has been broadened. She knows there is something better in life than the coarse, dull existence which stretches out in its dread monotony for the many thousands of women who cannot write their names. Many have passed one, two or three years here and about two hundred have lived within the walls of their Alma Mater the full students' life of four years. These have gone out prepared to overcome obstacles and to help others to conquer; to do the work of citizens, to be the builders of good citizenship.

In the ten years of our college life we have steadily progressed. The State has increased its appropriation from \$10,000 to \$40,000. Instead of two buildings, we have six, and besides these are two nearby residences rented by the college for dormitory purposes.

There is being erected a handsome building for a Practice and Observation School. During the present year, we hope to lay the corner stone of the Students' Building, a fine structure which will be built with money raised by our students.

Our faculty has grown from fifteen in number to thirty-three, and our student body has increased to more than four hundred, the utmost capacity of our accommodations.

Donations now and then have come our way.

**Mr. Peabody's Gift.** The largest has come from Mr. George Foster Peabody, a sketch of whose life and work appeared in this Magazine some months ago. Mr.

Peabody a year ago gave \$1,000 to the college. This year he has added \$10,000 to his first donation. Five thousand of this is to go to the making of an Educational Park—a pleasure ground where he (or she) who runs may read of our great men and women. Tablets or other memorial expressions will be placed in this park in honor of the State's wisest and best citizens. We are happy to be able to present a portrait of Mr. Peabody as our frontispiece. May he have many imitators, and may we in our second decennial see accommodations for the thousands of women who are even now pleading for entrance into a broader, better life than is theirs today.

A. G. R.

In this, the first issue of our College Magazine **Our Table of Contents.** for the coming session, the table of contents deserves especial mention. This number is devoted to the interests of the Alumnae Association, and the contents are largely their contributions. "Bath in the Olden Times, and Now," is an essay written by Martha Wiswall, '00. This paper won the Alumnae prize of \$25 given for the best historical essay by an alumna. The second article comes from

Mary Wiley, '94. Though it did not receive the prize, it is a production of so much worth that we are grateful to Miss Wiley for the opportunity of presenting it to our readers. Her pen picture of old Salem is particularly pleasing. "The Country Doctor"—Ida Wharton, '01—won the Whitsett prize. This prize—twenty-five volumes of standard literature—was awarded to the writer of the best essay read at Commencement. "Two Open Fields for Investment in the South," was delivered by our President, Dr. C. D. McIver, before the Southern Educational Convention at Winston-Salem. Since it was not the good fortune of most of our readers to be present, we are sure they will thank us for giving it to them now. Miss Lee's letter to her classmates will be of special interest to us all, since it tells us how she spent her vacation abroad. "One Day in a Kindergarten"—Helen Edwards, Superintendent of Kindergarten, School No. 4, Brooklyn, N. Y., is bright and interesting. It gives us an idea of how the work among our little ones is carried on, and is very helpful, especially to those who intend to engage in such work. \* \* \* \* \*

We call attention to recent changes in our faculty. **Changes in the Faculty.** Our Science teacher, Professor D. L. Bryant, is in Europe on a three years' leave. Although we regret her absence, we know that our loss is her gain, and we congratulate our dear teacher upon this golden opportunity to win success and reputation. Professor Gilbert Pearson, formerly of Guilford College, is worthily filling her chair. Miss Laura Hill Coit, '96, has been made Secretary of the College and her place as assistant teacher of Mathematics is now filled by Miss Hackney. We are glad to announce that Miss Oeland Barnett, '98, who has for the past two years been assistant in the Latin Department, has received a scholarship to the Columbia University, New York. Miss Julia Dameron of the same class, of Warren county, fills her place. The Practice School needed another

supervising teacher and Miss Josephine Coit, of Salisbury, has been elected to the position. M. I. W., '03.

“Seeing is believing,” so the old adage goes and it was so with us. During the summer we **College** had been reading about the improvements around **Improvements.** our College. We wondered how things would really appear. Would it look like our dear old College or would it have so completely changed that it would be unrecognizable? No! That could never be! There will always be an atmosphere about the place which will make our students feel at home no matter what the changes.

When once we were within our College halls we were not disappointed and seeing was indeed believing. The exterior of the Brick Dormitory and College Building had been retouched, while the other two dormitories and the home of the President are quite fresh in new paint. Former graduates will be unselfish enough to rejoice with the Seniors in the expectancy of teaching in a “Model School House.” Yes, the much-longed for, the much-talked of, and the much-needed Practice School is really being built. The building is a model one with large class-rooms, spacious halls and an assembly hall.

As our College grows we must have more room to carry on the business of the institution. Instead of the office of the President and Bursar we now have in the front of the main building the Administration Row, containing the offices of the President, Bursar, Registrar, Secretary of the College and the President's Secretary.

On the grounds the grass is soft and rich, the roses still bloom and the “turn-round” is luxuriant with cannas.

One of our greatest enjoyments is in the improvements in our walks and drives, where even an automobile might safely glide along. Beyond our bounds too, we see in imagination the coming

of the electric cars. At least our city fathers promise them. May progress within and without ever continue!

D. K. C., '02.

The trees seem to realize that autumn is at hand, and are giving it due recognition by putting off their summer dresses of green and donning mantle of crimson, gold and brown. We should take the lesson they teach and provide for the colder days which will soon be here.

Shopping is something to which girls look forward with pleasure, but when we do not know just where to go to buy what we want there is a feeling that we would like to put off until tomorrow what could be done today. Knowing this we call attention to the advertisements on the last pages of our Magazine.

For dress goods, laces, ribbons, gloves and pretty handkerchiefs we may call at J. M. Hendrix & Co.'s., Harry-Belk Bros. or Gilmer's. We are always sure of kind attention at these places. Mrs. Weatherly and Mrs. Rosa Hamner Carter keep beautiful hats and are always pleased to show them to the Normal girls. If we want books we will find what we need at Wharton's. If we want photographs made we are sure to be pleased with Mr. S. L. Alderman's work.

Many of the merchants and companies of different kinds in Greensboro, actuated by generosity towards us and sympathy for our literary efforts, are aiding us to bear the expenses of the MAGAZINE by giving us their advertisements. We hope that the girls will show their appreciation of this kindness by patronizing those who patronize us.

A. B. H., '03.

**President McKinley.** For the third time in our history, as a nation, are the American people made to mourn the loss of a chief magistrate, taken away by the bloody hand of an assassin.

The assassination of President McKinley on September the 6th was the most awful as well as the most inexplicable in our history. It did not rise to the intelligible level of the murder of either Garfield or Lincoln, for Lincoln was President during the Civil War, and Garfield during the "period of spoils," therefore it can at least be understood how the turbulent condition of one period and the personal disappointments and dissatisfaction of the other, worked upon the morbid imagination and fancy of both Booth and Guiteau. These assassians felt personal resentment and hatred toward their victims. But the murderer of President McKinley had no such reasons for his act. His attack, so far as its motives were concerned, was directed against rulers in general, not against any individual.

The crime of Czolgosz is the most foolish as well as the most dastardly in the annals of anarchy. Even if assassination could change a monarchy, it could never effect a Republican government such as ours—unless indeed it be, that it would deepen the love of our nation for its institutions, strengthen the patriotism of its people, and bring about an increased devotion and more allegiance to their chosen representatives and rulers. The cause of anarchy was weakened rather than strengthened by this deed, and there is no telling what punishments its adherents may be caused to suffer at the hands of a nation inspired by righteous indignation and just resentment at such an outrage against society.

William McKinley was born in the state of Ohio in the year 1843. He came up from among the people and could therefore sympathize with them in every walk of life. He had nothing but that which he had earned with his own hand and brain. He was a studious boy and religiously trained. At eighteen he became a teacher in the public schools of his state and in the same year entlisted as a private at the beginning of the civil war. He was trustworthy and courageous, and his superior officers soon recognized his sturdy qualities. He was made lieutenant of his company at nineteen and captain at twenty-one. At twenty-three he was admitted to the

bar, and at thirty-three elected to Congress of which he was a member for fourteen years, having been sent term after term from a district normally Democratic, because of his popularity. In 1890 he was defeated for the first time, only to be twice chosen Governor of Ohio. In 1896 he was nominated for Presidency by the Republican party and was triumphantly elected, to be re-elected four years later.

With the second election of McKinley was ushered in a distinctly new era, considered by many the second "era of good feeling"; an era in which mere partisan feeling had almost disappeared; when a completely re-united nation had forgotten its former wrangles in assuming the industrial leadership of the world, and when our influence with other nations was widening as it had never widened before. When in his address at Buffalo he gave utterance to the sentiment that "exclusiveness is past," he struck a note which was heard and echoed from every civilized country. In this same address he expressed a desire for the union of the nations, and his last plea was for the universal brotherhood of man, for an end of ungenerous rivalries; an end of wars.

Never before since the days of Washington, has a President lived so close to the hearts of our people as has William McKinley, and never before has the nation so universally mourned the death of a ruler. His popularity and his reputation for honesty, generosity and patriotism had extended to other countries as well, and the deepest regret and sorrow is felt by them at his untimely death.

As in life, so in death the President's noble christian character showed itself. Even when his life had been despaired of and he knew that the end was only a question of time, he preserved that same spirit of meekness and submission which had characterized his whole life. Instead of complaining at his hard lot and lamenting the evil fate that had cut him off in the prime of his manhood and just as he had reached the zenith of his success, he resignedly submitted himself to the divine will, his last words being "Good bye, all; good bye. It is God's way. His will be done."

Such was the life and death of our beloved President. Truly it may be said of him as of Washington, that he was "first in peace, first in war and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Surely such a life as that of William McKinley will shed its benediction upon the nation.

A. I. M.

"The futility of assassination in a republic could not be more conclusively shown. If the President that is dead stood for the expansion of American influence and was himself American to the core, so also is the President that lives." Our country has no more patriotic citizen—no citizen more devoted to duty than Theodore Roosevelt, its twenty-sixth President.

He entered upon his office by the way most unexpected and most tragic. Bowed by the grief of the nation which he was pledged to serve, he announced his determination to serve that nation loyally and well by remembering that he is the servant of all the people and not of one section.

He is the youngest man who has ever taken the Presidential chair. At the age of forty-three, he has already had an experience of more than one successful career. Before he was elected Vice-President, he had been a member of the Legislature of New York, a member of the National Civil Service Commission and a Police Commissioner of New York City. His work in the last office will never be forgotten in the annals of police administration of that city where he did noble work for the cleansing of Gotham. He next served as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, then as a Colonel of Volunteers—the famous Rough Riders—and last as the Governor of New York. In each of these offices he achieved success, not only for himself but for the cause in which he was engaged. He declined the nomination to the Vice-Presidency, but was carried into it, as one might say, bodily. We are told that the purpose of the politicians was to shelve him so that he might not be in the next Presidential race, but, as is often seen, the ways



of men are circumvented and events have placed him just where his "friends" did not want him.

He is a gentleman, an educated man, who, by his sympathy with his fellow-man, has won the hearts of all who know him, and is a firm believer in all things American—American institutions, American character and American leadership. No better proof of his patriotism—of his love for his fellow-man—can be found than in the fact that he is the avowed friend of education and of the school teacher. He loves the truth, good books, out-door life, his own home, and his country. Added to these qualities is the moral earnestness which will make him as conscientious a public servant as we have ever had. Those who know him best regard him as equal to his high and grave responsibilities.

F. M., '02.

"He who runs may read," is an old maxim that has **Reading.** come to be almost literally true in this twentieth century. Except those who must spend every penny for a bare living, the times have placed reading matter within the reach of all. Though not always the best, yet story papers can be obtained by paying for some trinket, whereby one may get a three months subscription. The cheap pamphlet form in which books are published now, will enable every one to get reading matter. However, those who desire both good literature and handsome binding will find both requirements in the latest books of the day.

To those who cannot afford books, the magazines open a small library. They are especially valuable in that they have a wide scope, giving us facts, fiction and philosophy under one cover.

As every one knows, the newspapers contain much that, having neither truth nor culture value, one would waste time in reading. Because of this, we often pass over much fine work that is not found elsewhere. Reading a reliable paper will keep us up with

the times. Besides this, a careful perusal of the world's progress will have a broadening effect upon the mind.

New books appear every week and so much literature is available, that one scarcely knows what to read. A professional critic must read all, good, bad or indifferent. However, let the rest of us wait until the book values are well established, so that we may waste no time in taking them up. In the meantime we may hold to the older books which have stood the test of time and are the gleanings of centuries. These will more than supply the place of the emotional books so common now, when every one must write a book to illustrate his peculiar view on some question of human life or of some epoch of history.

S. P. T., '02.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

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ANNETTE I. MORTON.

## THE TEXAS OIL FIELD.

The Beaumont oil field, in Texas, has during the last few months attracted much attention and many large investments. The development of this industry is progressing rapidly. The great Standard Oil Company is pushing its way into the field, and many are of the opinion that it will eventually gain entire control of this section. The producing wells in the Beaumont field are now fifty-two in number, and some of them yield as much as eighty thousand barrels a day and none less than twenty thousand. It is thought that within the next few months the number of wells will be doubled, and this being the case, if the flow does not diminish, the annual output should soon be over one billion barrels.

It is, however, impossible to arrange for the shipment to other points of such large quantities of oil, consequently the output is kept down. If all the railroads in Texas handled nothing but oil they would not be able to care for the Beaumont supply promptly. Not more than 125,000 barrels a day are now shipped from the field.

Much confidence is placed in the permanency of the Beaumont field, as is shown by the fact that the railroads are giving orders for oil-burners to be used in their locomotives.

## REMAINS OF LINCOLN FINALLY LAID AWAY.

For the thirteenth time has the coffin of Lincoln been moved from its resting place. His remains have recently been laid away in a place sufficiently secure to prevent profanation. On the 26th of September his coffin was opened and the body identified by a few persons. It was then lowered into its new tomb beneath the shaft of the Lincoln monument at Springfield. The coffin rests on

a cement base four feet thick and is enclosed in an iron cage above which are eight feet of solid cement.

#### A RAILROAD BENEATH BERING STRAIT.

Back in the sixties when, to many people, the laying of the Atlantic cable seemed impracticable, an American enterprise made partial surveys for a telegraph route from America to Europe by way of Bering Strait. As the cable proved successful this work was abandoned, and Alaska remained an almost unknown region until gold was discovered in the Klondike.

There is now some talk of digging a tunnel under Bering Strait in order that there may be railway connections between the two continents. This tunnel does not appear impracticable, as the Strait is quite narrow and never more than twenty-five fathoms deep. If this scheme materializes the pleasure of a trip abroad need no longer be marred by the horrors of seasickness.

Mr. Harry de Windt, the explorer, is planning to travel next winter from Europe to America by way of Bering Strait. During his journey he will explore the wild and partly unknown country through which he travels with a view to a possible railroad.

#### REFORMS IN CHINA.

Four Imperial edicts have recently been issued in China, reaffirming the famous edicts of 1898, which limited the power of the emperor and relegated him to a minor position in the administration of affairs. The steps then regarded as almost fatal by the Empress Dowager and her conservative followers, are now considered absolutely necessary. The reluctant Manchu nobles now see that unless China, like Japan, adopts Western methods, she is doomed.

The first of these new edicts forbids the sale of offices; the second provides for the abolishment of the old style of examinations; the third lays down the principles of a monetary standard, while

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the fourth decrees that a university be established in every province and a college prefecture in every public school district.

These edicts will doubtless have a revolutionary effect upon the Chinese nation. Public offices will not now, as heretofore, go to students who excel in the Chinese classics.

## AMONG OURSELVES.

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DAPHNE KING CARRAWAY.

Although our College year began two weeks earlier than usual, there was never a more auspicious opening. Every place in the dormitories were filled the first day and within the first week the two outside dormitories—the Davis and the Watson houses—and all neighboring boarding houses were full.

Miss Kirkland with her staff of assistants received us cordially and new students very soon ceased to feel like strangers under the genial influence of our College hospitality. "So glad to see you." "I hope you will be happy among us." "Come with me, I'll show you the way." "Can I help you?" were the cheery greetings which one heard from former students to those who for the first time had made a pilgrimage to our North Carolina woman's mecca.

The first event outside of college duties was our memorial service in honor of our nation's dead President. The exercises were impressive and of special value to many young women who that day received their first lesson in good citizenship.

Early in October the Central Carolina Fair claimed our attention and our students were in evidence with our colors flying bravely and helped to make "Educational Day" a success.

Then came the celebration of North Carolina Day, October 14th, whose program we publish elsewhere with the address of our scholarly teacher of history, Prof. W. C. Smith. Our College and our whole State owe Prof. Smith a debt of gratitude for the work he is doing among us. His labors already are bearing fruit, as is shown by the papers which have been written by the members of his class. Those read on North Carolina Day by Miss Hoyle of Wake, and by Miss Watson of Warren, give promise of the good work to be continued and it may be that from our Col-

lege walls may come a worthy historian of our neglected State and statesmen.

Our present Senior class is a little over twice the size of that of 1901. Well, girls, if you propose to double the worth as you do the numbers of that noble fifteen of '01, you have set yourselves a great task.

The Juniors have been, since their freshmanhip, a class noted for vim, for energy, for a fine *esprit du corps*. The Sophomores having so fine an example just in front of them have proven themselves the peers of any. And now the Freshmen have entered bravely into the Mysteries and into the duties of class organization. Before we had asked: "When will the Freshmen organize?" they had waited upon Professor Forney for advice and comfort and received the help which sent them on their four years course rejoicing in the acquisition of parliamentary knowledge. May each charter member four years hence stand upon our rostrum so prepared for the battle of life that she will look without fear upon any field to which duty may call.

The Sub-Freshman class has come to the front as a College organization. Welcome to the babes.

The Athletic Association is not yet in enthusiastic action. Some are playing tennis and some of the Freshmen have begun basket ball with a brilliancy of execution which may well move the Sophomores to anxiety over the retention of the cup.

And now at the close of our first college month we are all hard at work, feeling that home folks are so far in the past that we are excusable for beginning to count the weeks before their dear faces and Christmas joys will greet us. So runs time away!

#### THE TRAMP FOR TRUTH.

Mr. Claxton, Misses Allen and Coit, intent upon imparting to the Senior Class some much-needed knowledge of nature work, took them for a tramp through the woods. Leading his crowd of knowledge seekers for some distance past the new

Practice School, Mr. Claxton plunged straightway into what a city girl called "a regular African jungle." At intervals the column halted and watched him dig some very interesting looking holes, listening eagerly the while to his discussion of "sand, clay and vegetable loam." One of the girls was especially delighted at seeing some real blue mud and "wanted to know" if it was the material of which "blue mud fences" were made. After talking to them about the flood plain, Mr. Claxton led the girls back over the roughest way "to give them an idea of mountain climbing." While climbing the highest of the hills one girl, in order to more easily make the ascent, caught hold of the toiler in front of her. The result was disastrous. Suffice it to say there was at least one sadder and wiser girl. Added to her list of proverbs is the following: "The path to knowledge is steep and stony and you must do your own climbing to reach the goal." The band finally reached the Normal, looking much the worse for wear, but all declaring they felt "centuries" younger.

#### Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

The work of our Young Women's Christian Association shows very encouraging prospects for this year. The attendance at the daily prayer meetings has been unusually good, averaging two hundred. Our new singing books add much to the interest in the musical part of these services. Rev. W. C. Newton, pastor of the West Washington St. Baptist Church, conducted the services one evening.

One hundred and twenty-one new members have been received, making the membership about two hundred and seventy.

The reception tendered the new students at the beginning of the session was one of the most delightful ever given by the Association. By means of it the new students were made to feel at home.

Each committee is planning to carry on a more effective work this year than ever before. Through the Intercollegiate Committee



we hope to come in closer touch with the Associations of other colleges.

Our work will be much strengthened by the delegates who attended the Summer Conferences. Miss Coit, Alma Pittman, Neita Watson, Nettie Parker, Annie Stewart, Mary Ward, Cora Stockton, Daphne Carraway and Meta Fletcher attended the Conference at Asheville, N. C. Christina Snyder attended the Conference at Northfield, Mass.

## IN LIGHTER VEIN.

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SALLIE P. TUCKER.

## WHERE TO GO FOR THE SUMMER.

Lawyers to Fee, Pa.  
Singers to Alto, Ga.  
Bakers to Cakes, Pa.  
Jewelers to Gem, Ind.  
Babies to Brest, Mich.  
Smokers to Weed, Cal.  
Printers to Agate, Col.  
The sleepy to Gap, Pa.  
The idle to Ru t, Minn.  
Cranks to Peculiar, Mo.  
Poets to Parnassus, Pa.  
Deadheads to Gratis, O.  
Thieves to Sac City, Ia.  
Mendicants to Begg, La.  
Perfumers to Aroma, Ill.  
Small men to Bigger, Ind.  
Paupers to Charity, Kan.  
Actors to Star City, Ark.  
Plumbers to Faucett, Mo.  
Old maids to Antiquity, O.  
Bankers to Deposit, N. Y.  
Apiarists to Beeville, Tex.  
Brokers to Stockville, Nev.  
Hunters to Deer Trail, Col.  
Hucksters to Yellville, Ark.  
Prize fighters to Box, Kan.  
Lovers to Spoonville, Mich.  
Democrats to Dennis, Mass.

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Carpenters to Sawtooth, Ind.  
Politicians to Buncombe, N. C.  
Sewing girls to Scissors, Col.  
Dry goods men to Calico, Cal.  
The "boys" to Midway, S. C.  
"Crooks" to Dodge City, Kan.  
Theosophists to Mystic, Conn.  
Swimmers to Neversink, N. Y.  
Poulterers to Hatchville, Ga.  
Puzzle fiends to Riddleville, Ga.  
Physicians to Doctortown, Ga.  
Whist players to Cavendish, Id.  
Topers to Brandy Station, Va.  
Society climbers to Tip Top, Va.  
School teachers to Larned, Kan.  
Prohibitionists to Drytown, Cal.  
Drummers to Modest Town, Va.  
The hairless to Bald Knob, Ark.  
Entomologists to Bug Hill, N. C.  
Peregrinators to Footville, Wis.  
Pork men to Ham's Prairie, Mo.  
Druggists to Balsam Lake, Wis.  
Baseball players to Ballground, Ga.  
Reigning beauties to Bellecenter, O.  
Political orators to Stumptown, Pa.  
The gum brigade to Chewtown, Pa.  
Ne'er-do-wells to Hard Scrabble, Ky.  
Justices of the peace to Squire, Minn.  
Three-card monte men to Trickum, Ky.  
Newly-married couples to Bliss, Mich.—Frank D. Goodhue, in  
the Commercial-Tribune.

When you go stomping down the halls  
With such a don't care air,

Defacing of the furniture,

Or settin' on the stair,

Or talking with your neighbor in the chapel or about

Or whispering in the corners of the lesson you would flout

You better keep your eye skinned and be ready for a rout

For the President will get you if you don't watch out.

Freshman: "Mrs. Randall, will you let me have two proto plasms for a cent?"

Will some wise *Sophomore* please tell us if she means a court plaster.

Brilliant Junior: "Carrie, what would you say if you were to see two ladies coming from the Fair?"

Carrie: "What would I say?" "Two fair ladies."

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#### AN ENTOMOLOGICAL LYRIC.

If you were a rose,

And I were a bee,

You'd find me a coming

And humming

To Thee,

In search of the sweets that the rose

Would surely disclose.

But since you are you

Not a rose but a maid

Instead of a bee

I'd be a mosqui—

Musquito in short,

A-coming to court,

And to seek

The sweets of your cheek;

There to die O Alack!

From a whack

Of the tenderest hand  
In the land.

*Harper's Monthly.*

Distressed new student at 12:30 a. m.—“Please come and lower the electricity.”

“Why is the Freshman’s first letter home like looking at pictures of England’s royal family?”

“Why?” “Because you see ‘the prints of wails.’ ”

By paying a very high price we have obtained for our readers, “Love Letters from a Freshman to Her Senior.” We give the first in this number.

Dear ———.

To me you are the sweetest girl  
That e’er passed within college wall  
I count not wealth, nor any pearl  
To be half thy worth. And all  
That I could name of pleasure sweet  
Would be my own, could mine  
Thine own eyes meet  
And find them filled,  
Dear one, with love for me







MISS ELEANOR WATSON,  
President of Alumnæ Association.



MRS. MARY BRADLY WILSON,  
President of Class of 1895.



MISS MITTIE PENDER LEWIS,  
President of Class of 1900.



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ALUMNAE NOTES.

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ANNIE BELLE HOYLE.

During our last Commencement season it was agreed between the Alumnae Association and the management of our MAGAZINE that our first issue of 1901-1902 should be an Alumnae number. We hoped that its table of contents would be filled with contributions from Alumnae. It is largely made up from their pens.

The Editors have made diligent effort to get information from every graduate of the Institution and only a few have not been located.

We asked of each Class President a cut for this number and are most grateful to those who have responded and whose faces adorn our pages.

The College wishes through the pages of the MAGAZINE to keep in touch with all former students. Again we cordially invite from them communications: news items, contributions *or* subscriptions.

## CLASS OF '93—PRESIDENT, ANNIE PAGE.

Mrs. Zella McCulloch Cheek resides in Mebane.

Annie Page is again teaching at Peace Institute, Raleigh, N. C.

Mrs. William Eliason, formerly Mary Hampton, is living in Statesville.

Margaret Burke is in Mocksville where her work will keep her all winter.

Mrs. John Calvin Matthews, nee Mattie Lou Bolton, taught school with her husband last year.

Bertha Marvin Lee teaches German in our College, and has during the past summer had a trip abroad.

A silver cup, awarded to the first child of the class, will be pre-

sented next Commencement to the little Virginian, son of Mrs. Lizzie Williams Smith.

Mrs. Goodwin and Miss Lee were the guests of Mrs. Carrie Mullins Hunter, who is the proud mother of a manly son and two pretty daughters.

The visit of Mrs. E. McK. Goodwin, nee Maude Broadway to our last commencement was greatly enjoyed by the Alumnæ. Her address at the Annual Banquet was fine, but it was finer to see her with her two charming little girls who bid fair to be as handsome as their mother.

Margaret R. McIver is Mrs. Bowen, and is living at Rougemont.

CLASS OF '94—PRESIDENT, SUDIE ISRAEL.

Virginia Taylor is teaching in Guilford county.

Mrs. Otis Parker, formerly Annie Lee Rose, resided in Smithfield last year.

Mary Lewis Harris is a primary teacher in the Concord public schools.

Sudie Israel teaches in the Asheville schools and has been quite successful as a primary teacher.

Mary Katharine Applewhite has charge of the English department in the Greensboro High School.

Rachel Brown works in a Department office in Washington, D. C. From a monetary point of view she has been the most successful member of her class.

Gertrude Bagby, for the last several years a teacher in the Wilmington public schools, was married Sept. 5, 1901, to Mr. William Creasy of Wilmington. With her husband she visited her *alma mater* one day during the second week of school.

Mary Wiley is a successful teacher in the Winston schools and is also winning some reputation as a writer of short stories.

She is making an addition to North Carolina history by her Historical Sketches.

CLASS OF '95—PRESIDENT, MARY BRADLEY.

Annie Williams, Rockingham county, is dead.

Daisy Bailey Waitt is at her home in Raleigh, N. C., and is a teacher in the public schools.

Allie Bell, now Mrs. Blythe, lives in Clinton, S. C.

Etta Spier teaches in the Goldsboro Graded schools.

Mrs. Mary Bradley Wilson resides in Gastonia.

Nettie Marvin Allen is one of the supervising teachers of our Practice School.

Mary Jones Arrington attended the Teachers' Assembly last summer. She is now teaching in Burlington.

Mrs. Mary Parmele Cardwell resides in Wilmington.

Nannie E. Richardson teaches in the public schools of Selma.

Mrs. Annie Smallwood Baugham lives in Rich Square, N. C.

Laura Switzer is living in Florida.

Mariaddie Turner teaches in the High School of Satesville.

Mrs. Mabel Wooten Newböld lives at Asheboro, N. C.

Alethea Collins is teaching in a private school in Baltimore.

Martha Carter has resigned her position in the Raleigh public schools and has gone to live in West Virginia.

Margaret A. Gash is at Pratt Institute studying Library work.

Maria D. Loftin teaches in the James Sprunt Institute, Kenansville.

Jessie Wills Page is teaching in the Graded schools of Henderson.

Alvenia Barnette Miller has been studying at Bryn Mawr, but is now in the Columbia University.

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Elizabeth Battle teaches in the Durham Graded Schools.

The following members of the class we have not been able to locate:

Margaret Gray Perry, Iredell county.

Lucy Antoinette Boone, Hertford county.

Sarah Meador Grant, Northampton county.

Maude Harrison, Wake county.

Lina Verona James, Pasquotank county.

Margaret Lillian Parker, Gates county.

Ruth Sutton, Lenoir county.

Iola Lacy Yates, Wake county.

CLASS OF '96—PRESIDENT, ELSIE WEATHERLY.

Mary Milam is teaching History in the Salisbury Public Schools.

Stella Middleton will have charge of the first grade in the Kinston Schools.

Jeannie Ellington teaches in the Reidsville Public Schools.

Iva Deans teaches in the Wilson Public Schools.

Sallie Davis is teaching in the Greensboro Graded Schools.

Laura Hill Coit is now the secretary of our College.

Carrie Weaver is teaching in the Albemarle Public Schools.

Elsie Weatherly is still in charge of the first grade in the Greensboro Public Schools. We understand that her attachment to the Normal grows stronger continually and we cannot give Prof. Grimsley much hope that he will be able to keep her long.

Tina Lindley has, after a year's absence, returned to Brevard, N. C., to teach in the Epworth School.

Lee Reid continues her work in the Public Schools of Baltimore.

Maude Coble is teaching in the Carthage Schools.

Hattie Garvin is one of Prof. Crowell's staff of teachers at High Point.

Kate Moore is still teaching in the Pubic Schools of Statesville, N. C.

Mamie Lazenby has a government position in the Census Office at Washington, D. C.

Annie May Pittman is teaching in the Public Schools of Greensboro.

The class of '96 would like to present in this issue a photograph or cut of each of the class babies. As this is impossible, we will at least introduce the wee lads and lassies.

Mrs. Emily Asbury Yoder is already training a small maiden, Zoe, by name, to be a faithful Normalite. Miss Zoe was one of our visitors at last commencement.

Mrs. Blanche Harper Moseley is devoting herself to the care and training of little Kathleen, who is a very promising child.

Mrs. Emma Harris Davis is the proud mother of our class boy—R. M. Junior.

Mrs. Cornelia Deaton Hamilton has not yet named her small daughter so far as we know. We beg leave to submit to her the following name, Normalina, as our choice for our latest treasure.

The class of '96 will always bear in loving memory the name of Mrs. Mary Sanders Williams, who, after a few short months of happy married life, was called away from our midst. "She is not lost but gone before."

CLASS OF '97—PRESIDENT, BERTHA DONELLY.

Mrs. Lessie Gill Young lives in Henderson, N. C.

Bessie Rouse works in a bank at LaGrange, N. C.

Mrs. Annie Hankins Saunders resides in Wilmington, N. C.

Willie Louise Watson has a position in the Wilson Graded School.

Mrs. Emily Gregory Thompson lives in Greensboro, N. C.

Mary Jones teaches in the Goldsboro Graded School.

Mattie Livermore teaches in the Roxobel Academy, Roxobel, N. C.

Frances Eskridge has a position in the Shelby Graded School.

Mrs. Grace Smallbones Bunting resides in Wilmington, N. C.

Iola Vance Exum is teaching at her home in Snow Hill, N. C.

Bertha Donelly teaches in the Charlotte Graded Schools.

Frances Harris is also teaching in the Charlotte Graded Schools.

Irma Carraway has a position in the Wilson Graded School.

Mary Faison DeVane teaches in the James Sprunt Institute, Kenansville, N. C.

Grace Scott teaches in the Asheville Graded Schools.

Madge Little is teaching at Graham.

Nellie A. Bond is the assistant English teacher in our College.

Chives West is a student at Columbia University, New York, in which she has won a scholarship.

Sabrella James teaches in Tarboro.

Lida Humber teaches in Jonesboro.

Mrs. Minnie Barbee Suett lives in Durham county.

CLASS OF '98—PRESIDENT, MARGARET M'CAULL.

Hattie Manley is teaching in the Wilson schools.

Lydia Yates is teaching in Wilmington.

Mrs. Margaret McCall Carmichael resides in Durham.

Nan Strudwick teaches in the Raleigh Graded Schools.

Lillie Boney was married in June, 1901, to Rev. Mr. Williams.

Ella Moseley was married June 12, 1901, to Mr. R. F. Hill of Kinston, N. C.

Bessie Harding is teaching at her home in Greenville.

Ellen Saunders is teaching in the schools of West Durham.

Mary Tinnin is teaching in the Graded Schools of Greensboro.

Mrs. Rosa Holt Pritchard is teaching in the Graded Schools of Gastonia.

Evelina Wiggins and Susie Parsley are teaching in the Wilmington Graded Schools.

Florence Pannill is at her home in Reidsville and is teaching in the Graded Schools of that town.

Sara Kelly won a position in the Charlotte High School in a competitive examination held last summer.

Sadie Hanes will spend the winter at her home.

Julia Dameron is with us this year as assistant Latin teacher.

Oeland Barnett is a student at Columbia University. She received the North Carolina Scholarship to the Teachers College.

Mamie McGehee, Mrs. McAnally, lives at High Point.

Susie Battle was present at the Teachers' Assembly in June.

Bessie Sims will teach in the Public Schools of Kinston.

Winnie Redfern teaches in Charlotte.

Minnie Hoffman teaches in Statesville.

Susie McDonald teaches at Covington.

Lottie Arey will teach this year at Woodleaf, N. C.

Cle Winstead is in Wilson.

We have not been able to locate Anna Tolson or Elsie Gwyn.

#### CLASS OF '99—PRESIDENT, ROSALIND SHEPPARD.

Lucy Coffin is at her home in Greensboro, and is teaching in the public schools.

Jessie Whitaker is teaching in the Graded Schools of Greensboro.

Virginia Thorpe Gregory resides in Rocky Mount.

Cary Ogburn is one of the teachers in the High Point Graded School.

Flora Patterson attended the Summer School at the University.

Lewis Dull has charge of one of the grades in the Burlington schools.

Sudie Middleton will remain at her home this winter for a season of rest.

Isabelle Brown and Lottie Eagle are teaching in the Salisbury schools.

Eugenia Jamison and Jennie Eagle attended the Teachers' Assembly last June.

Elizabeth Mallison, Marina Whitley and Susie Saunders are teaching in the schools of Washington.

Kate Davis, recently our assistant Matron, who presided over the affairs of the dining-room with becoming dignity, is now a teacher in the High Point Graded Schools.

Margaret Pierce has resigned her position in the James Sprunt Institute and will spend the winter at her home near Warsaw.

Frances Settle, Bessie Moody and Sue Porter are teaching in the Graded Schools of Asheville.

Penelope Davis, who taught last year in the Louisburg Female College, is resting now at home on account of poor health.

Mary Collins has been teaching in the public schools of High Point.

Josephine Laxton is at her home in Morganton.

Mattie Moore is still busy with her much-loved stenography and typewriting.

Emma Parker has been teaching at Albemarle.

Rosalind Sheppard is teaching in the public schools of Winston.

Bulus Bagby is teaching in Monroe.



Cora Cox is teaching in the Greensboro public schools.

Ethel Foust and Maude Miller have positions in the Winston-Salem schools.

Oberia Rogers is at home in Waynesville.

Nellie Whitfield is, we believe, in Laurenburg.

Myrther Tull Wilson teaches at Bellhaven.

Bettie Wright is teaching in her mother's school at Coharrie.

We have been unable to locate the following members of this, the largest class that has ever left the Normal College: Ella Bradley, Margaret O. Gray, Fannie McClees, Berta Melvin, S. Anna Parker, Elizabeth Smithwick.

CLASS OF 1900—PRESIDENT, MITTIE PENDER LEWIS.

Isla Cutchin is teaching in Rocky Mount.

Emma Bernard is teaching in Asheville.

Woodfin Chambers is teaching in Charlotte.

Sue Nash will teach in the Graded School of Monroe this winter.

Ruth Harper will spend the winter in Kinston teaching in the Graded Schools.

Mittie Lewis will again teach in Goldsboro.

Eleanor Watson, who is now President of the Alumnae Association, is principal of the Salisbury High School.

Gertrude Jenkins is at her home in Winston, where she will spend the winter.

Miriam McFadyen, who taught in Mooresville last year, will rest this winter.

Emma Lewis Speight will teach the seventh grade in the Tarboro Graded School, where she taught with much success last winter.

Clara Gillon, after a severe illness during the summer, will spend the winter at her home in Concord, N. C.

Bessie Hankins attended the Teachers' Assembly last June.

Bessie Howard is teaching in the Graded Schools of Winston-Salem.

Lillie V. Keathley is teaching at Fair View, N. C. She has not lost any of her old-time enthusiasm over her work.

Maude Kinsey, having resigned her position as bookkeeper in Wilmington, is at her home in New Berne.

Elizabeth Howell is teaching in the Tarboro Graded School.

Wilhelmina Conrad teaches in Durham.

Hattie Everett is at Palmyra.

Mrs. Myrtle Hunt Mattocks lives in Washington, D. C.

Auvila Lindsay teaches in High Point.

Eva Miller teaches in Sanford.

Myrtie Scarboro has a position in the public schools of Ashboro.

Annie and Etta Staley are teaching together at Winterville, in Pitt county.

Lelia Tuttle teaches in Charlotte.

Mary Winbourne is at Rocky Hock.

Martha Wiswall is teaching in the public schools of Washington, N. C.

Alice Daniel is teaching in Stanley county, near Gastonia.

The following members of this class we have not heard from: Lillie May McDowell, Carrie Martin and Mary Zilla Stevens.

#### CLASS OF 1901—PRESIDENT, DAISY B. ALLEN.

Ida Wharton, the prize essayist of her class, is teaching in Washington, N. C., and is doing her work as conscientiously as she did here.

Laura Sanford and Daisy Allen are teaching in the public schools of Salisbury.

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Mamie Hines is at her home in Kinston.

Birdie McKinney is teaching at Monroe.

Frances Womble is employed in the Kinston Graded Schools.

Frances Winston is teaching in the High School at Franklinton.

Anna Ferguson is teaching in the Oxford Orphan Asylum. To teach the orphan is the holiest work to which a woman can be called.

Eunice Kirkpatrick has a position in the Burlington Graded Schools.

Rosa Abbott is teaching in the Greensboro public schools.

Bertha Herman has a position in a college at Newton.

Mable Haynes is teaching the mutes in the school at Morganton.

Bertha Sugg has a position in the public schools of Wilson.

We have not heard where Rosa Rowe is or if she is teaching.

Lizzie Zoeller is teaching in New Berne.

## ORGANIZATIONS.

## MARSHALS:

*Chief*—DAPHNE KING CARRAWAY, Guilford County.

*Assistants:*

## ADELPHIANS.

CARRIE SPARGER,	-	-	-	-	-	Surry County.
VIRGINIA NEWBY,	-	-	-	-	-	Perquimans County.
CATHERINE PACE,	-	-	-	-	-	Wilson County.
FANNIE MOSELEY,	-	-	-	-	-	Pitt County.
FLORENCE MAYERBERG,	-	-	-	-	-	Wayne County.

## CORNELIANS.

MARY SCOTT MONROE,	-	-	-	-	-	Wayne County.
ELIZA AUSTIN,	-	-	-	-	-	Edgecombe County.
CORA ASBURY,	-	-	-	-	-	Burke County.
FANNIE COLE,	-	-	-	-	-	Granville County.
ELISE STAMPS,	-	-	-	-	-	Wake County.

## YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

## CHRISTINA SNYDER, President.

ALMA PITTMAN,	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President.
NETTIE PARKER,	-	-	-	-	-	Corresponding Secretary.
EVELYN ROYAL,	-	-	-	-	-	Recording Secretary.
NEITA WATSON,	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer.

## SENIOR CLASS.

JESSIE INGOLD WILLIAMS,	-	-	-	-	-	President.
ANNE LOUISE HARRISON,	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President.
ANNIE STEWART,	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary.
LULA NOELL,	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer.

## JUNIOR CLASS.

MARY I. WARD,	-	-	-	-	-	President.
MARY HORNE BRIDGERS,	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President.
GENEVEIVE JENNINGS,	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary.
MAY STEWART,	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer.
IDA HANKINS,	-	-	-	-	-	Monitor.

## SOPHOMORE CLASS.

SUSIE ELMA WILLIAMS,	-	-	-	-	-	President.
ELLIE FURMAN COPELAND,	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President.
MARY EDNA MCCUBBINS,	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary.
SELMA C. WEBB,	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer.
CHARLOTTE EMERSON WEBB,	-	-	-	-	-	Critic.


## FRESHMAN CLASS.

JEANNETTE G. TROTTER,	-	-	-	-	-	President.
ANNIE MARTIN McIVER,	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President.
LELIA ANNIE STYRON,	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary.
CLARA SPICER,	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer.
GRACE TOMLINSON,	-	-	-	-	-	Critic.

## ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

(Not Organized.)

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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**S. L. ALDERMAN,**

**PHOTOGRAPHER,**

**East Market Street, near Post Office.**

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